

FIFTY CENTS

AUGUST 28, 1972

TIME



ONCE MORE WITH FEELING

The cover features a photograph of two men, Richard Nixon and Spiro Agnew, both in dark suits and white shirts. Nixon is on the left, looking slightly to the right with a slight smile. Agnew is on the right, looking directly at the camera with a neutral expression. The background is dark and out of focus. The entire cover is framed by a large, stylized red and white graphic that resembles a ribbon or a stylized 'S' shape, which curves around the text and the photograph.

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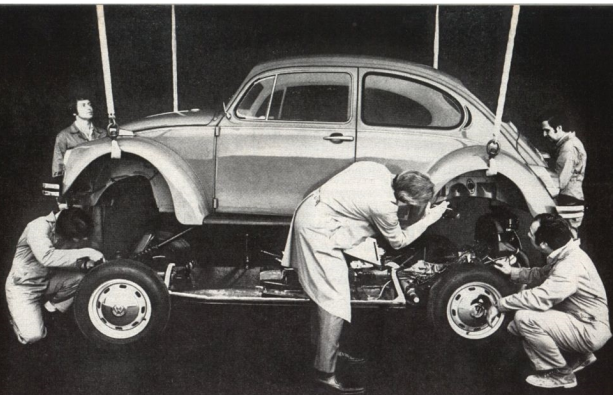
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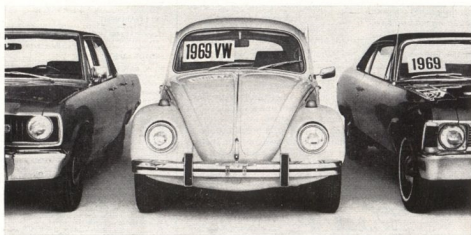
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A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

JOURNALISM is often accused of emphasizing bad news while slighting coverage of encouraging developments. There is some justice in this charge. It is part of the human condition that disaster arouses more interest than quiet improvement. Yet the positive gets its share of print—more than is generally realized. This week's TIME is not exactly brimming over with cheer: there is war, murder or attempted murder in several varieties, skulduggery and disease. But like most issues, it also contains a variety of modest good tidings.

For a sizable part of the electorate, a special TIME poll pointed to Richard Nixon's strong lead over George McGovern on the eve of the President's smooth renomination will be good news (even though it will be greeted with groans by others). The Economy section reports that the number of labor strikes has been unusually low recently, and

that wages have been keeping ahead of rising prices. The higher prices of 1973 cars are not cheering; but Economy tells why the increases will be lower than originally expected. Science discusses the latest developments in electrically powered cars, which may save the atmosphere if not money.

Other good-news items perhaps have more specialized audiences. Education, for instance, discusses a "college without walls" for people who are short on time, money or the inclination to spend much of either in classrooms. The section also tells of an educator who has devised a new, simpler way of teaching Latin. (The story was less than a blessing to the editors and proofreaders; it was written in Latin.) Classicists will also be glad to learn of the archaeological find, reported in Science, of two Greek statues some 2,500 years old.

Music carries an article on a hip harpsichordist who turns on youthful audiences with Bach and Mozart. Baseball fans are delighted by the return of competition in the American League East: Sport relates the comeback of the New York Yankees and profiles Sparky Lyle, the relief pitcher who made it possible.

Vegetarians can turn to Science and learn of a breakthrough in genetics that may one day allow man to blend mangoes and melons and other combinations of fruits or vegetables. For animal fanciers, Environment tells of a zookeeper trying to collect as many of Eden's original inhabitants as possible. That is good news to anyone who has never seen an addax, or even an Arabian oryx.

Ralph P. Davidson

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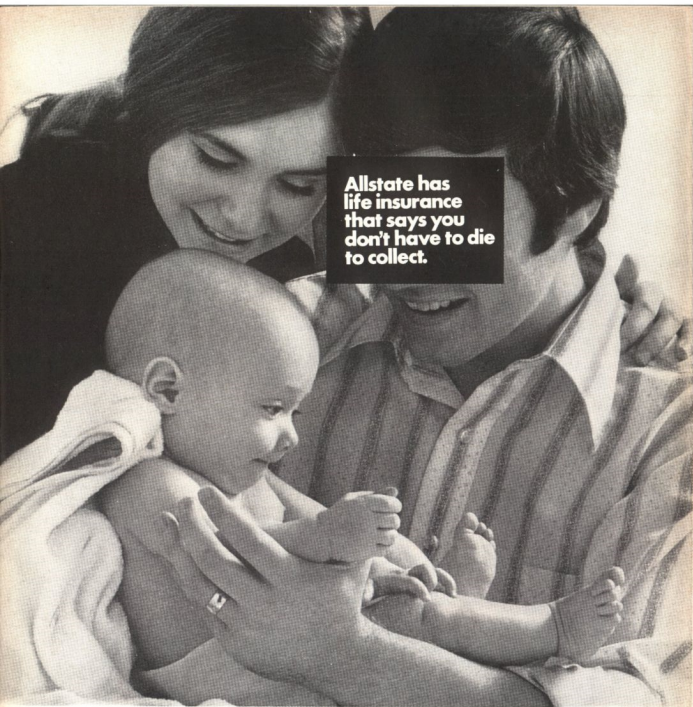
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LETTERS

The Eagleton Affair (Contd.)

Sir / Re the Eagleton Affair [Aug. 14]: The liberal, understanding, modern-thinking Mr. McGovern shows us his true side as he echoes the overstrained voices of some Americans who live with the suspicions and ignorant fears of the 19th century.

I think we are beginning to see that Mr. McGovern's trumpet of a new way of life and thinking in America is just another hollow blast. If one looks closely enough, I think one can see his credibility gapping.

DONALD CROSSETT
Minoa, N.Y.

Sir / Because I was a student during the frustrating years of the late '60s, I have viewed George McGovern with hope. It looked as though this seemingly credible man would finally be able to change priorities in our Government from a kill count in Viet Nam to a job and food count in Harlem. But with McGovern's "handling" of Eagleton, he has developed a true politician's trait—the forked-tongue syndrome.

MARY TUSH
Leesburg, Fla.

Sir / We don't deserve Mr. Eagleton. His display of maturity, stability and selflessness is not homogeneous with the irrational, virulent, self-seeking mob of America today.

DONNA MARKHAM
Washington, D.C.

Sir / My right to assess the true merits of the McGovern-Eagleton candidacy was pre-empted by that old triple threat: power, influence and money. Apparently America cannot come home just yet.

ELEANOR JOHNSON
Chevy Chase, Md.

Sir / The Eagleton affair will not be remembered as a tragedy. George McGovern, as Senator Eagleton is quick to acknowledge, has so much to offer our country that anything or anyone who might conceivably dim his chances is a liability to us all. It is with great anticipation that I await a fresh, open Government. I can smell the fragrance of victory behind McGovern's determination to run with the best mate possible, despite the momentary discomfort.

STEPHEN CHANDLER
Tucson, Ariz.

Sir / The cover photo of Senator Thomas Eagleton suggests that the vice-presidential candidate might be more than a bit "out of focus." Such a subtle personal slur represents distasteful, amateurish journalism.

JAMES T. ROONEY
Brewster, N.Y.

Sir / Politicians mystify me. Only a few weeks ago Democratic Party leaders were clamoring for Senator Kennedy to be Senator McGovern's running mate. Senator Kennedy's behavior in time of crisis is a matter of record. Now the same leaders have dumped Senator Eagleton because of a history of mental fatigue and depression. Evidently to panic in an emergency is quite acceptable to them, but to recognize a problem and seek treatment for it is not.

CATHERINE S. GRUBB
Noank, Conn.

Jane Fonda and Viet Nam Dikes

Sir / Jane Fonda, the "Tokyo Rose" of the Viet Nam War, should be punished for her

recent "pilgrimage" to Hanoi [Aug. 7].

She has given aid and comfort to our enemy, and I enthusiastically support Congressman Fletcher Thompson's recommendation that charges of treason be brought against her. We cannot survive as a free nation if we permit treason to become an accepted social amenity consonant with the jaded politics and actions of extremists.

ROBERT HOHL
Laurel, Md.

Sir / The so-called liberals and the left have picked up the propaganda line from Hanoi about the dikes. Whenever Hanoi is hurt, it is amazing how these friends will scurry to her aid. The world should use every means possible to defend itself from Hanoi's barbaric acts in Indochina. Destroying the dikes could be a humane way to stop Hanoi and to end the war.

HAROLD CUTLER
Oscoda, Mich.

Sir / As your former Air Force targeting officer knows, the best evidence that the U.S. is systematically bombing the dikes is that we have hit very few of them.

JIM PIPER
U.S. Air Force Academy
Class of '65
Washington, D.C.

To Spare Anxiety

Sir / In your Letters column concerning the question of an Unknown Soldier [Aug. 14], Dr. O'Hara reports having viewed what he calls "a collection of unidentified remains" in Tan Son Nhut mortuary in Viet Nam and speculates that the bodies or partial remains of men reported missing in action may have been among them. What Dr. O'Hara writes is true: there have been and still are a small number of unidentified partial remains at Tan Son Nhut. However, the macabre image that Dr. O'Hara conjures up is thoughtlessly cruel to the families of men missing in action.

We are adamant that no doubts be added to the grief of a bereaved family and equally determined that the families of men missing in action be spared the anxiety of wondering whether their soldier has been buried as an unidentified casualty.

Despite the thoroughness and expertise of the team at Tan Son Nhut, there are occasionally partial remains that are impossible to identify positively. In these infrequent cases, despite continuing efforts at considerable risk to probe sites where American soldiers are believed or known to have been killed, complete recovery and final identification must wait until the cessation of hostilities.

WINANT SIDLE
Major General, U.S.A.
Chief of Public Information
Washington, D.C.

Lithuania's Struggle

Sir / Your article about Lithuania [July 31] is truly a splendid portrayal of the struggle being carried on by the Lithuanian people against the tyrannous oppression imposed on them by Communist Russia.

FRANK GUDELIS
Knights of Lithuania
Dayton

Sir / The fate of a nation of merely 3,000,000, with a land mass of hardly 26,000 sq. mi., may seem like too trivial a matter for

the world's concern these days. But we made peace, prosperity and independence viable for 22 years—until Russian imperialism made a shambles of it. Is it asking too much to want this again?

G.E. SANURA
Heidelberg, West Germany

Black English

Sir / Re the article on Black English [Aug. 7]: I am sorry to say that the theories of my friends and colleagues Joe Dillard and Bill Stewart, as reported in your article, contain a number of inaccuracies that may mislead your readers.

Put as simply as possible, it is not the case that Black English is a separate language from White (not "Standard") English nor that it has different syntax from the latter. Black and White English are variants or genera of one language, differing mainly in pronunciation, not grammar. It is a waste of time and energy to teach black children White English "as though it were a foreign language"; black and white children in fact speak the same language, namely English, and are almost always 100% mutually intelligible.

This further obviates the need for readers in Black English, as Stewart's readers purport to be. Written English is neither Black nor White; it is just General Shared English, a mirror of the competence of all native English speakers, black or white.

SUSAN N. HOUSTON
Associate Professor
Behavioral Science/Linguistics
State University College
Plattsburgh, N.Y.

Sir / In addition to the indignities of physical ghettoization, must we blacks now submit to linguistic and grammatical apartheid by having our children exposed to Black English wrongly set before them in print in

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LETTERS

our schools? Schools must meet their responsibility for preparing our young to compete effectively in the world of affairs where Standard English is the norm. Dialects should be left to novelists and songwriters.

There is no such thing as Black English, only English corrupted by the ignorance by which blacks are unjustly condemned by a society in which there is no "liberty and justice for all."

(MRS.) S.M. HAYES
Los Angeles

Space Shuttle Contract

Sir / In your article on the new space shuttle [Aug. 7], you neglected to mention Grumman Aerospace Corp., which was one of the four bidders for the contract. In fact the final design to be utilized for the shuttle was heavily influenced by engineering effort at Grumman.

Most significantly your article points up in alarming clarity the extent to which a violently competitive proposal was settled on political grounds rather than the content of the proposal or the capabilities of the bidders. Plain and simple, it was California v. New York. California won because its constituents and its legislators cared more about winning.

In point of fact, no one in the world can convince the working-level people on Grumman's proposal team that North American turned in a better proposal than we did.

MARK A. STERN
Westbury, N.Y.

Pity the Robin

Sir / I pity the robin that tries to pluck a worm from a plastic "lawn" or build a nest in a synthetic "juniper." I pity any living thing that tries to live in the James Cummings' artificial "garden" [Aug. 7]. But most of all, I pity the people who are so insensitive as to mock and defile nature by conjuring up a plastic landscape in one of the most beautiful areas of the world—the Pacific Northwest.

JOHN F. CHAPIN
Plainfield, Ind.

Sir / Are Mr. and Mrs. Cummings aware of the fact that their \$3,500 plastic lawn cannot return oxygen to the atmosphere?

I find their total disregard for the environment appalling.

(MRS.) HARRIET CHARLAND
Oakdale, Conn.

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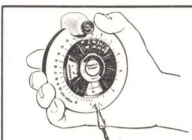
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THE NATION

AMERICAN NOTES

The Hitler Analogy

In 1971 George McGovern declared: "Except for Adolf Hitler's extermination of the Jewish people, the American bombardment of defenseless peasants in Indochina is the most barbaric act of modern times." Last week he conjured up the Hitler analogy again. He accused President Nixon of being "at least indirectly" responsible for the invasion of the Democratic National Committee offices in Washington by five men last June (see story, page 20). McGovern later added that the incident was "the kind of thing you expect under a person like Hitler."

Even in a campaign year—or especially in a campaign year—such rhetoric is difficult to excuse. It rests, to start with, on an inflammatory imprecision, the polemics of overkill. Hitler's holocaust remains the century's central metaphor of evil. Throughout the '60s, by a process of escalating outrage, the device debased what was left of political dialogue. Radicals painted "Amerika" on campus walls. Police were "fascist pigs." Women's Lib's Gloria Steinem even took up the cry recently, claiming that a female reading *Playboy* must experience the same revulsion that a Jew would feel encountering a Nazi manual. Meantime, ideologues on the other side professed to see Brownshirts in the bearded radicals.

Of course, President Nixon and Vice President Agnew have made their own special contribution to the lexicon of excess. Those who profess deep social feelings, as George McGovern surely does, seek to authenticate them with verbal ultimates. But the process wrings out our political vocabularies, corrupts them, drains them of meaning.

In McCarthy's Tribe

Eugene McCarthy possesses a deeply cultivated sense of poetic political whimsy. Last week on the Op-Ed page of the New York *Times*, he addressed himself to the much-debated question of how parties should select their vice-presidential candidates. After a flatly serious and closely reasoned discussion of the office itself, McCarthy proposed an intriguing new system: "Have the party convention choose the vice-presidential candidate and let him name the presidential candidate."

McCarthy reasoned that this method "would test the humility of the person who would accept the vice-presi-

dential nomination knowing that by doing so he had eliminated himself from direct consideration for the presidency." McCarthy had tossed out much the same idea in a radio interview at the peak of vice-presidential speculation during the Democratic Convention. Said he: "You know, in some tribes they pick the purest man in the tribe and then have him pick the chief." The Swiftian modesty of proposing the Vice President as kingmaker is resonant with possibilities: What if the choice were left to Spiro Agnew? Or, for that matter, to Thomas Eagleton?

Elite for Peace

A standing contention in the youth militant canon is that the Establishment elite support the war in Viet Nam for reasons of profit. That narrow notion has often been refuted by the stock market, which usually begins to rise when peace talk is in the air. Now it has been all the more firmly refuted by a survey conducted by Columbia University's Bureau of Applied Social Research. In canvassing 456 of the nation's leaders, including 24 people with personal assets of more than \$100 million and the chief executives of 96 major corporations, the study found a nearly universal rejection of the war in Viet Nam, a widespread disenchantment with staggering defense budgets, and a distinct feeling that the U.S. has often exacerbated the cold war with the Soviet Union by overreacting. As it happened, the only group holding consistently divergent attitudes on these subjects was Republican politicians. Even a majority of these joined their fellow interviewees (all of whom remained anonymous) in agreeing with the statement: "The rebellious ideas of youth contribute to the progress of society."

Dames at Sea

When Admiral Elmo Zumwalt announced two weeks ago that the largest barnacle yet was going to fall from his Navy, modest cheers greeted the news. But the cheers may have been premature. Anticipating the eventual adoption of the Equal Rights Amendment to the Constitution, the Chief of Naval Operations decreed that women personnel will follow beards as an innovation aboard U.S. ships. Since federal law now forbids the presence of women aboard all but hospital ships and transports, Zumwalt chose as his pilot project the hospital ship *Sanctuary*, currently in drydock; 26 Navy women are



ADDRESSING CONGRESS AFTER MOSCOW
So confident they're scared.

slated to join the ship before it sails for the Mediterranean early next year. Zumwalt predicts: "The day will come when we'll see women serving on warships."

They will first have to get past the less than merry wives of Norfolk. Led by Mrs. Barbara Stone, wife of a petty officer, five women have begun circulating a protest petition. Their reasons are blunt. Asked if the petition did not betray a certain conjugal distrust, Mrs. Stone snapped, "You're right. I don't trust mine." Said another mate: "It's different aboard ship. If it's the only game in town, my husband is going to play it."

Other wives are protesting the protesters, saying that they do not want the public to think all Navy wives distrust their husbands. But beyond that, something may possibly survive of the ancient superstition that women aboard ship bring evil luck. It may be that the origin of that superstition is just now coming to the surface.

The Coronation of King Richard

THERE has always been something of the born loser about Richard Nixon. Save for his satellite days in the Eisenhower sun, he has never known the Roman triumphs of an easy campaign or an easeful election eve in all his long political life. Considered the favorite in 1960, he lost to John Kennedy and two years later was even rejected for Governor by California voters. Starting far ahead, he let Hubert Humphrey nearly overtake him in 1968, and suffered a setback in the 1970 congressional elections because of an unduly strident campaign. Not much more than a year ago it looked as if he might become the first incumbent President since Herbert Hoover to be turned out of office. But now, for the first time in his scar-studded career, he bestrides the American political arena like a colossus. By every sign, omen and pollster's tally sheet, Nixon and his running mate Spiro Agnew have it made. The President may be forgiven a touch of vertigo these days.

Inevitably, this week's Republican Convention in Miami Beach wears the joyful and slightly smug mien of a coronation. It is proudly programmed to praise the man who is going to give the Republicans four more years at the helm of the nation, and who will perhaps forge the first new alignment of political power in the U.S. since the New Deal. The campaign to follow looms almost as anticlimax, an exercise in the forms of democracy, though it will be the most lavishly financed and highly organized in Republican history. Yet it should also pose the sharpest choice on basic issues of any modern U.S. election. No matter; in the euphoria of the convention, the Republicans are acting as if the voting were already over. Four years ahead of time, conservatives are maneuvering to put their ideological favorite, Spiro Agnew, at the top of the ticket when Nixon steps down.

To judge from the convention scene, Richard Nixon, that most controversial

of politicians, never had an enemy in the world. Old rivals were as eager as party job holders to pay tribute to the President. California Governor Ronald Reagan, his own presidential ambitions behind him, readily agreed to chair the convention until Tuesday afternoon. New York Governor Nelson Rockefeller, having moved far enough rightward to satisfy the President, was happy to put Nixon in nomination.

Unity and punctuality were to be the watchwords of this convention—in pointed contrast to the discordant Democrats. "The convention will be short, compact and precise," declared Republican National Committee Chairman Robert Dole. "We want a convention that will be watched—and not just by insomniacs." Everything is under control, observes the wry Dole, including a "spontaneous floor demonstration for Nixon and Agnew." Dissent is muted, polite, served up in small doses. There is no Bella Abzug storming around denouncing the nominee; instead Jill Ruckelshaus, wife of the director of the Environmental Protection Agency, makes a discreet, ladylike case for more lenient abortion laws.

Celluloid. The bulky party platform, composed at the White House and supporting the President on every imaginable issue, is accepted with scant protest. California Congressman Paul "Pete" McCloskey, who may have one elected delegate at the convention, wanted to be put in nomination for President to air his antiwar views, but television time is too valuable for that. The Rules Committee last week hastily approved a proposal that no one can be nominated unless he is supported by a majority of delegates in three states. "Open-door party!" snorts McCloskey. "It's like putting five padlocks on it and then cementing it shut."

The delegates are assembled not to deliberate—there is nothing to deliberate—but to pay homage to the President, and to have a good time. The convention delegates have that familiar Republican look: white, middle-aged male, a bit balding. There are more women this time, 30% of the convention as compared with 17% in 1968. Youth representation has jumped from 1% to 9% on the floor and even more in the galleries. To offset the youthful image of the Democratic Convention five weeks earlier, the Republicans have brought in 3,000 people 30 and under to do odd jobs and cheer themselves hoarse for Nixon. Explains Stephen Nostrand, a staff director for National Young Voters for Nixon: "If the President calls and says, 'I need 500 kids at a press conference,' we can get them there in 20 minutes." Outside the convention hall, the protesting youths (and



CONRAD FOR TIME



WOMEN DEMONSTRATING FOR ABORTION IN MIAMI BEACH
A campaign strategy that will separate the natural Democrats from the beads-and-sandals set, the gays and the crazies.



THE LAST U.S. COMBAT UNIT LEAVES VIET NAM

their elders) that were gathering had a leaner, hungrier look than the more casual and less dedicated dissidents at the Democratic Convention.

The President is the convention star on celluloid as well as in person. Three films are shown on Nixon and family, all produced by David Wolper. The camera pans in on the President at work. Speaking into an Oval Office phone, he orders: "Get off a telephone call or message to Connally. What does he think? I suppose he went up the wall." Staffers enter—an act not to be undertaken lightly, the narrator warns. "The President must be jealous of his time. Whatever they bring him must be pertinent and precise." White House Aide John Ehrlichman chats with Nixon.

Says the President: "What's the matter with these clowns? The whole purpose of this is to get property taxes down." Replies Ehrlichman: "That's what I thought you'd say."

Others pay tribute to the President, including his daughter Tricia. She reveals how her father, too shy to speak to her directly, slipped a note under her door spelling out his ideas on marriage. Speechwriter Pat Buchanan wonderingly recalls: "If you had said to me that in 1972 I'd be in the Great Hall of the People in Peking clinking glasses with Premier Chou En-lai, I'd have said you were out of your ever-loving mind."

Pat Nixon is the subject of a 15-minute film narrated by old Nixon fan Jimmy Stewart who explains: "She

shows the softer side while he negotiates the somber affairs of state." Her "32 years of political partnership" are briefly detailed. Under her guidance, says Stewart, the White House has become a "social mecca" where 13,000 guests were entertained for dinner in the first two years of the Administration—a record for First Ladies. Described as a "force in her own right," Mrs. Nixon is shown on her various tours around the world as "elegant, but never aloof—reachable."

The Republican extravaganza is a faithful mirror of the party's supreme confidence, a confidence as great as it was when Ike was running and Dick Nixon was considered at best a liability—someone was always trying to get him

What Nixon's Second Term Might Be Like

FOR nearly three decades Richard Nixon has been running for office, a paradigm of the professional politician. Attaining the White House in 1969 did not slake his ambition, but turned it to ensuring his re-election this year. If he wins in November, Nixon in a sense will be a free agent for the first time in his long public life. With no more worlds to conquer, he can move and act completely out of conviction and contemplate his place in history, rather than worry about his standing in the polls. How he might use those four years is a question that fascinates—and puzzles—even those in the White House and his party who know him best.

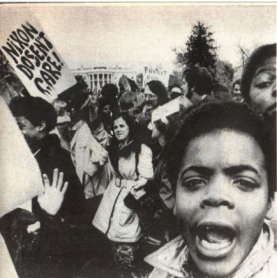
"Does he have a rendezvous with destiny or a rendezvous with himself?" asks New York Senator Jacob Javits. No one really knows what Nixon's view of history is, what he would like the historians to say about him. Is the real Richard Nixon the statesman who opened new worlds with his missions to Peking and Moscow, or is he the shrill and narrow partisan of the 1970 congressional campaign? There are those

who argue that the President suppressed some of his more conservative convictions during his first term because they were not politically palatable. So he might be tougher, and he might also settle some old scores. Asserts one Republican: "Having prevailed and been ratified, having nothing further ahead of him politically, why wouldn't he grind his enemies under his heel?" Others foresee a very "relaxed" second term under a mellow Nixon, presiding over a healing "era of good feeling" in the nation. That, of course, would require a quite different use of Spiro Agnew, a less rhetorical and more substantive role for him in domestic programs.

Beyond such fundamental matters of temperament and tone, some specific second-term strategies and policies are already discernible. Nixon's enduring interest is foreign affairs, and in conducting them he aims toward an "enduring monument of his Presidency," says Henry Kissinger with his characteristic modesty. In his first term, observes the President's foreign-policy

architect, "the President swept away the previous structure of foreign policy and laid new foundations. In his second term he will put up the house." Elements: an end to the war, the diplomatic recognition of China, major trade and arms agreements with the Soviet Union, a reduction of tensions in the Middle East and between the Koreas, a new set of world economic relationships. What Nixon hopes to prepare, as he has often said, is "a generation of peace."

At home the agenda is less ambitious, both out of necessity and philosophy. The top priorities remain the unfulfilled legislation of the first term: revenue sharing, welfare reform, health insurance and Government reorganization. As one White House aide said: "There'll be no innovations, no new programs." Why? "There will be no money." Indeed, with an anticipated \$35 billion deficit this year, one of the first painful decisions Nixon may have to make in his second term is how much of a tax increase to seek. To avoid a tax increase, one group of presidential advisers favors a major cutback in Government spending. If Nixon is re-elected, says one aide, he will "clean



WELFARE-RIGHTS PROTEST

off the ticket. Now each succeeding poll shows the G.O.P. candidate pulling farther ahead of George McGovern (see story, page 15). The news is so good that the President's supporters scarcely dare believe it—or so they say. "We're really running scared," says a White House aide, "for about one inch. People are running around the White House telling themselves, 'Yeah, yeah, we're scared.'" Not so scared, apparently, as to fail to count their chickens in advance. "We aren't conceding anything," says Dole, "We aren't saying we'll win all 50 states, but we aren't conceding anything." Some Republicans talk about gaining control of the House in a Nixon landslide, but that is only an outside chance since the party would

have to pick up 39 seats. Prospects are brighter in the Senate, where a switch of only five seats would put the Republicans in command.

The role of the President in his own campaign is a curious one. It is almost as if he were not needed—or wanted. The less campaigning he does, think some Republicans, the better. "We blew it in 1960 and 1970, and we almost blew it in 1968," says a White House staffer. "If we can keep Nixon on the job and off the road, we'll be better off. But I'm not sure we can do it. Nixon loves to campaign, though he's a lousy campaigner." For the mo-

ment, however, the President plans to stay on the job. He will leave the rest of the work to what are called "presidential surrogates": a collection of Cabinet heads, Congressmen, and others who will carry the Nixon message. They will act as shields in the basic strategy: keep Richard Nixon the President from having to answer George McGovern the challenger. No debates on television, no debates in the press, stick to the issues and to what Republican strategists characterize—and intend to exploit—as the McGovern challenge to America's basic institutions.

The preliminary platform approved last week was laced with anti-McGovern vitriol. It asserted that the Democratic Party has been "seized by a rad-

house. He'll zap some of those federal failures, programs that eat up revenues and don't accomplish anything. He'll set about eliminating some of those crazy Great Society programs. I'll bet he'll cut billions out of federal spending."

Given a second term, predicts one aide, Nixon "will bite all sorts of bullets, especially in the labor area." The President, he explains, has always felt that much of the economic lag and inflation can be traced to the power of labor bosses. Two programs being worked up deal with property tax relief and a value added tax to finance education. Other proposals include such notions as a Hoover-type commission to diminish the size of the Federal Government, a national service corps of young volunteers, and a "conservative Brookings Institution" to increase the flow of conservative ideas for government. Says White House Aide Pat Buchanan: "We still do not have control of the federal bureaucracy. We need to develop our own philosophical roots there."

A second term is bound to bring a fresh team. Defense Secretary Melvin Laird wants out. The President might

replace him with his old law professor, Kenneth Rush, now Deputy Secretary of Defense, HEW Secretary Elliot Richardson or New York Governor Nelson Rockefeller. HUD Secretary George Romney wants to return to private life; his post could go to Donald Rumsfeld, presently director of the Cost of Living Council. Treasury Secretary George Shultz, Labor Secretary James Hodgson and Transportation Secretary John Volpe may bow out. Likely to stay on are Commerce Secretary Peter Peterson, Interior Secretary Rogers Morton and Agriculture Secretary Earl Butz, all Nixon favorites. Secretary of State William Rogers is certain to leave and is possibly due for the next Supreme Court vacancy. There are those who believe Kissinger would like to move over to Foggy Bottom and institutionalize his unique *modus operandi*. There are also those who think Democrat-for-Nixon John Connally wants State. If he gets it, Kissinger would probably soon resign, but the short-term collision of the Connally and Kissinger egos over who's in charge of the nation's foreign policy could provide the most spectacular fireworks display of the Nixon era.

THE NATION

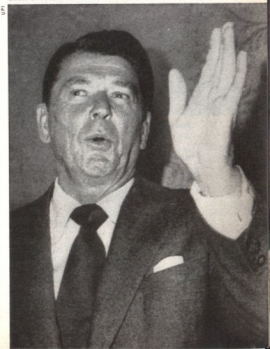
ical clique which scorns our nation's past and would blight her future," and would turn "back toward a nightmarish time in which the torch of free America was virtually snuffed out in a storm of violence and protest." It piously protests that the U.S. should not perform an "act of betrayal" by overthrowing the Saigon government, nor should it "go begging to Hanoi." And: "We reject a whimpering 'come back America' retreat into isolationism."

To finance their massive campaign, the Republicans plan to raise some \$35 million, and more than half of that amount is already in hand. Nixon's chief fund raiser, Maurice Stans, is a master

NEW YORK GOVERNOR NELSON ROCKEFELLER



CALIFORNIA GOVERNOR RONALD REAGAN



THE NATION

of the hard sell. He tells contributors that they should give at least 1% of their gross income to the campaign. Says he: "That's a low price to pay every four years to ensure that the Executive Branch of the Government is in the right hands." Such was Stans' zeal that he raised more than \$10 million before the new campaign law went into effect that requires the disclosure of the names of contributors of more than \$10. Democrats are pressing the Republicans to make public these anonymous, under-the-wire contributors, but the G.O.P. has no intention of doing so, suggesting that the number of Democrats on the list would be highly embarrassing to McGovern. Unlike 1968, the bulk of the funds will go to the grass-roots operations, though the grass roots complain that they have not received much of anything yet. The amount spent on media advertising will be considerably less than the \$13.8 million ceiling set by the new law; the Republicans do not think they need it.

Funds will be distributed by the Committee for the Re-Election of the President, an organization that has been

mance. The President himself has questioned a C.R.P. claim that 125,000 youths are ready to hit the pavement for Nixon, and at a recent breakfast of state chairmen, complaints about the committee flew thick and fast. New York State Republican Chairman Charles Lanigan told of being phoned by a C.R.P. aide who asked him whether the Governor of New York is elected or appointed.

Clark MacGregor took over as campaign manager when John Mitchell resigned, and has been bringing some order to chaos. Gradually, Republican moguls who would talk only to Mitchell are beginning to talk to MacGregor. Not that Mitchell has vanished. His law office is located in the same building as the C.R.P., and he often drops by or rings up. He takes a particular interest in New York, a state he thinks Nixon has an excellent chance of winning. Remaining as before a confidant of the President, he is a dour and formidable figure. At a recent meeting of the presidential surrogates, he praised the President in glowing terms and then asked if anybody had ideas for improvement. When nobody responded, Mitchell smiled and said, "Well, perhaps we've kept you here too long."

At the White House, the campaign is closely run by the President, MacGregor, Domestic Affairs Assistant Ehrlichman, Presidential Assistant H.R. Haldeman and Special Counsel to the President Charles Colson. The presidential aides and other senior staffers meet at 8:15 every morning and plot the day's strategy. White House watchers are intrigued by the prominence of Colson, 40, once the lightly regarded head of the "department of dirty tricks." While retaining the hatchet man who keeps errand staffers in line and dreams up projects to embarrass the opposition, Colson also now mixes in such delicate matters as the grain sale to the Soviet Union. He has a sign on his wall that reads: "I hope the Nixon people do to George McGovern what the Democrats did—underestimate him. If they do that, we'll kill them."—Gary Hart, *Washington Post*, May 14, 1972.

Most White House staffers have been given extra chores for the campaign, though they are careful not to be seen doing them. To get too much publicity is tantamount to disloyalty. Speechwriter Raymond Price Jr. has enlarged his staff, while Pat Buchanan and William Safire have left Price's operation to write directly for the President. Herb Klein continues to move quietly among the media explaining the President's policies. Nixon seeks advice from a variety of ideological sources. On the one hand, he listens to Deep-Dyed Conservative Buchanan. On the other, he sends liberal-leaning Leonard Garment as an emissary to the intellectual community.

The campaign will stress the President's record. By all reports, Nixon has finally faced up to the fact that he will



G.O.P. LAMPOON OF MCGOVERN

Making haymakers unnecessary.

never be a well-loved President. So he has consoled himself with maintaining that he is at least a respected one who has proved that he can handle the job. The campaign will attempt, in the words of Ehrlichman, to build up a "mosaic of competence" around the President. Speakers, literature and commercials will emphasize these areas:

FOREIGN AFFAIRS. The President has wrought a historic change in relations with the two hostile superpowers, China and the Soviet Union, opening fresh chances for accommodation and peace throughout the world. His creative statesmanship was all the more remarkable for its turnabout from his own record of narrow anti-Communism and for being accomplished even while the Viet Nam War continued.

DISARMAMENT. While the Democrats talked about limiting nuclear weapons, Nixon got the SALT talks going and has begun a chain of agreements. He showed that he is willing to compromise but not give up an American advantage without a *quid pro quo*.

Viet Nam. Though the President has so far failed in his promise to end the war, he has at least ended the American ground combat role; 500,000 Americans have come home, casualties have been reduced to fewer than ten a week. But the heavy bombing of North Viet Nam and other areas of Indochina goes on, and so does the killing of Asians. There still seems to be no early return in sight for the American prisoners of war in Hanoi's hands.

THE ECONOMY. Belatedly, the President took command by imposing a wage-price freeze that has worked better than most critics said it would. Inflation has been slowed, and the G.N.P. is beginning to rise at a brisk rate. By devaluing the dollar, the President showed



MacGREGOR, TRICIA NIXON COX & DOLE
An emphasis on orderliness.

operating for more than a year. Staffed in part with castoffs from the White House and the relatives of key Administration people (Nixon's brother Edward is co-chairman of Lawyers for Nixon), C.R.P. is regarded as amateurish by the more seasoned professionals at the Republican National Committee, who have far less money and manpower at their disposal. C.R.P.'s most famous exploit to date is its connection with the bugging of Democratic National Committee headquarters at the Watergate complex (see story, page 20). So far, the C.R.P. promise outruns perfor-

that he could be as flexible as he had to be in handling the economy.

For all the emphasis on issues, staying out of the political fray will not be easy for an old gut-fighter, however much reformed. When Nixon hears the bell, his first impulse is to come out punching. One skeptical liberal Republican expects the campaign to be "very presidential in the beginning, but pretty soon there will be lots of Democratic bait. Nixon will rise to it." But so far, so gentle. As an illustration of the style now in favor, neither the President nor his press secretary responded to Ramsey Clark's broadcast from Hanoi accusing the U.S. of bombing the dikes (see story, page 16). The counterattack was delegated to Secretary of State William Rogers and Defense Secretary Melvin Laird. "We have to watch out that the kick-'em-in-the-nuts urge doesn't become so great that we give in to it," says a White House aide known for some expert kicking in his time.

Spiked Mace. Even Spiro Agnew is to be reined in. For much of Nixon's first term, the Vice President's principal duty seemed to be to go after the Administration's enemies and critics with a spiked mace. In alliterative swings he denounced Democrats, liberals, radicals, protesters, the press, the Eastern Establishment, even dissident members of his own party, with an assiduousness and acidity that would hardly have been becoming of the President. There were liberal Republicans who thought it unbecoming even in a Vice President, and who saw in Agnew few qualities that would make him a suitable President of the U.S., should the need arise. They urged Nixon to choose a new running mate for his second term. But the President, secure in the polls and mindful of Agnew's loyal and noisy constituency on the right, decided not "to break up a winning combination."

During the campaign, Agnew will continue to address those \$1,000-a-plate dinners where Republican fat cats come to devour the Veep's red meat. But Agnew has been instructed not to become any more of a campaign issue himself than he already is thanks to past rhetoric. "Give the Democrats hell," the President advised him, but judiciously, and lay off everybody else, particularly the press. Agnew will not, of course, take the high road. That is still reserved for the President. Agnew will have to find something in between, perhaps what McGovern sarcastically calls "low-road remote control."

There are signs, in fact, that Agnew is learning, though critics would say mainly from his own mistakes. "He didn't go to Harvard," says someone who knows him well. "Washington is full of educated people, and he has had to play catch-up ball." On his trips overseas, he may have stumbled less than the press has suggested; certainly they were publicity flops, in part because of his own hostility to the press, but they were not necessarily failures from the

point of view of Nixon's foreign policy. A high ranking State Department official feels that in general Agnew has handled himself well. "He is courteous and articulate. He understands and reflects nuances. He has always been able to establish rapport with leaders of foreign governments." Though Agnew has gone out of his way to defend the colonels in Greece, the official feels that there, too, the Vice President carried out the orders he was given. But Agnew does not always perform so well. When he visited South Korea for the first time, he got into such a row with President Chung Hee Park that he was treated with cool disdain when he paid a second visit.

At home, Agnew has been busy building up his own constituencies. Often feeling unwanted at the White House, not even let in on key projects like the President's journey to Peking, he has sought out groups where he would be more popular. As head of the Office of Intergovernmental Relations, he has ingratiated himself with many Governors and mayors round the country. Democrats included, who credit him with fighting hard for revenue sharing. That does not mean they would like to see him become President, but at least they have learned that he does not bite — them, anyway. Higher roads are obviously available to the Vice President if he chooses to take them.

It may be easier for the Republicans to restrain their aggressive tendencies this time round because they feel that McGovern has made haymakers unnecessary. They can scarcely believe their luck in having an opponent who laid out his whole program in vulnerable detail before the main campaign was under way. For months, Republican strategists have been picking it apart and storing up ammunition. Nixon has told his campaign planners: "Our peo-

ple don't have to go around talking about our budget deficit. Talk about how much McGovern's programs would cost." He also intends to throw the blame for the deficits on the Democratic Congress, pointedly using the veto between now and Election Day to underscore the point. He began last week by vetoing a \$30.5 billion appropriations bill for social services because it was almost \$1.8 billion more than he had asked for.

Nixon instructed his campaigners not "to let McGovern off the hook." If he has changed his mind about something, forget it and play up what he said originally. McGovern, for example, has backed away from his proposal to give every American \$1,000 as part of a program to redistribute income, but Republicans intend to remind middle-class voters how heavily they would have been taxed under that abandoned scheme. In case any campaign workers are unaware of the McGovern record, they will be able to consult a handy reference guide covering the Democratic nominee's positions on everything from amnesty to women. Says a researcher for the Republican National Committee: "I can't imagine how he could survive all this stuff, if we use it right."

McGovern will be portrayed as a man too radical for even the Democrat-

RAY FISHER



CHARLES PERCY & WILLIAM CRAMER

JILL RUCKELSHAUS



TEAMSTERS' FRANK FITZSIMMONS
Something for everyone.



ORIENTAL YOUTH FOR NIXON AT DINNER IN CHINATOWN, LOS ANGELES
No race, creed or color in America has been overlooked.

ic Party, a prisoner of what the Republicans call the beads-and-sandals set, the pot smokers, the gays, the abortionists, the crazies. Republicans will hammer away at what they call the "incredibility factor." Says a White House man: "The Democrats made it absolutely beyond belief that Goldwater could possibly win in 1964. This year Republicans are going to do the same thing with McGovern. We ought to get just so confident that nobody even thinks of George McGovern in the context of the White House."

The Republicans are going to do their best to pick up the Democrats who break with McGovern, to separate Democrats from McGovernites. "We want to solidify opinions now held across an unbelievably broad spectrum of the electorate," says MacGregor. Although Lyndon Johnson endorsed McGovern last week, several L.B.J. intimates have come out for Nixon. In Washington, John Connally has set up shop for Democrats for Nixon; he has been joined by L.B.J.'s former press secretary George Christian as well as former U.S. Information Agency Director Leonard Marks and Commerce Secretaries John Connor and C.R. Smith. Other Democrats who have defected: Frank Fitzsimmons, president of the Teamsters Union; Judge Mario Procaccino; former California Congressman James Roosevelt; Frank Sinatra; Sammy Davis Jr.; Mickey Mantle. The Republicans like to point out that there are no organized "Republicans for McGovern," though McGovern has promised that such a group is forthcoming.

The very elements, in fact, that have made up the Democratic coalition for 40 years are now threatening to desert to the G.O.P., and the Republicans are doing everything possible to make them feel at home. The so-called white ethnics, largely Catholic voters, have been pleased by Nixon's opposition to abor-

tion and his support of aid to parochial schools. The blue-collar voter has been treated to a variety of favors. The New York City construction unions have been placated by an easing of the demand that they hire more members of minority groups. Transportation workers are happy that the President has stopped pushing a bill that would submit crippling strikes to compulsory arbitration. The maritime unions are expected to go Republican because the President has increased federal subsidies to the shipbuilding industry. One welcome windfall was a Nixon endorsement by the National Marine Engineers' Beneficial Association, a small but financially potent union that gave COPE, labor's political arm, its single largest contribution in 1970.

Blacks have been put off by the President's stand on busing and his coolness toward integration, but they also have been courted with federal jobs and aid to small business. After receiving a pledge of \$14 million for his Soul City housing project in North Carolina, one-time CORE Director Floyd McKissick announced for Nixon. He was labeled a "political prostitute" by Georgia Legislator Julian Bond, though he retorted that his decision had nothing to do with the grant.

Special attention has been paid to the Chicano vote. As far back as December 1969, Nixon set up a Cabinet Committee on Opportunity for the Spanish-Speaking, now headed by Henry Ramirez. Numerous federal jobs, many of them high ranking, have been given to Spanish-speaking citizens. Ramirez exhorts his fellow Chicanos to give up the "Chevy mentality," the kind of attitude that repeatedly accepts the same old car, or the same party's choice for President. Yes indeed, you can buy a used car from this man.

All these various ethnic enterprises are directed by what is marvelously

named the Heritage Division at the Republican National Committee and the Ethnic Division of the C.R.P. Brochures are sent out in the appropriate language detailing all that the Nixon Administration has done or promises to do for a particular group. As far as Republicans can tell, no race, creed or color that makes its home in America has been overlooked. For that matter, age categories and occupations are also targeted. At the C.R.P., there is a Director-Jewish, a Director-Youth, a Director-Elderly, a Director-Doctors, a Director-Lawyers, a Director-Business and Industry, a Director-Airline Pilots. Somewhere, for all anyone knows, there may be a Director-Efete Snobs.

This hastily contrived, jerry-built structure may or may not suffice to win the election, but will it endure beyond that? Republicans as well as Democrats have their doubts. It rests on too flimsy a foundation—political gimmickry rather than enduring political principle, lack of an attractive alternative candidate rather than adherence to Republican precepts. It lacks so far the kind of sustained vision or creative programs able to turn a minority party into a majority one. The flesh may be willing but the spirit is weak. Today the President may be the favorite of the schoolteacher, the auto mechanic, the Catholic father, the Jewish rabbi or—more usefully—the Jewish businessman. But tomorrow?

Bonus Plan. The evidence as the convention got under way was not reassuring. While the President was preparing his acceptance speech at Camp David last week, efforts to broaden the party base met with defeat. The party did not stand completely still. After hearings chaired by former Florida Representative William Cramer, the Rules Committee voted some long-sought procedural changes. From now on, party caucuses to select delegates must be open to all qualified Republicans. Unless they are required by state law, assessments can no longer be charged to delegates, who sometimes have had to pay as much as \$1,000 for the privilege of attending the convention. Party leaders and elected officials can no longer be automatically selected as delegates; they will have to submit to the nominating process. Finally, the delegates will not be permitted to name their own alternates, a practice that led in the past to many husband-wife and father-son teams appearing at conventions.

But on the more important issue of delegate allotment, the conservatives proceeded to turn back the clock. Last April a U.S. district court declared that the Republican practice of giving bonus delegates to states that had gone Republican in the previous election is unconstitutional. But that did not stop conservatives from approving a variation of the bonus plan initiated by Texas Senator John Tower and New York Representative Jack Kemp. The new

formulation favors Southern and Western states because Nixon is more likely to win them. These states would be overrepresented in 1976. Complained Charles Lanigan: "This plan freezes the Republican Party into the same sectional politics that has torn us apart in the past. I fear the party has forgotten how to be a national party."

Considering the scope of the Goldwater disaster in 1964, it was surprising how many Republicans displayed overt hostility to the larger states, as if they had not learned the impossibility of maintaining a viable political party without them. Much of the conservatives' opposition was directed at any attempt to impose a quota system, or what New York Senator James Buckley called "the impulse to McGovernize the party." And, having seen how quotas divided the Democrats by favoring one group at the expense of another, liberals were as hostile to them as conservatives. The liberals simply argued that a greater variety of people must be drawn into the party, and this can best be accomplished by enlarging the big-state delegations.

Behind the battles over arithmetic were maneuvers aimed at controlling the convention in 1976. Some conservatives accused the liberals of trying to push Agnew out of contention for the presidency by reducing his power base in the South and West, where his photograph figures more prominently in Republican offices than the President's. It is true that two of the leaders fighting for larger delegations, Charles Percy and William Brock, are known to harbor presidential ambitions. But Oregon's Bob Packwood denied that it was a "dump-Agnew movement. It will become one only over my dead body." Liberals pointed out that Agnew has strength among the ethnics in the big cities who would benefit from a delegate shift. Said Percy: "If Agnew wants to win elections as well as nominations, he

will have to go where the people are."

If the convention is any indication, the Republican Party could be heading for another fateful divide. It has been proved that only a consensus Republican candidate—an Eisenhower, a renovated Nixon—can appeal to enough groups to get elected. In a party that claims the allegiance of only 30% of the nation's voters, a divisive candidate

inevitably goes down to defeat. Yet Agnew and the forces behind him are following the same well-trodden sectarian route that leads nowhere except to a certain ideological satisfaction. It would be an irony indeed if in the very year that Longtime Loser Richard Nixon finally joins the roster of the big winners, his party should start throwing away his hard-won gains.

TIME POLL

In 16 Key States, Nixon Leads 2 to 1

INCUMBENT Presidents traditionally start election campaigns with comfortable leads, only to see them narrow or vanish in the crunch of events and the campaigning itself. Richard Nixon's margin at this point seems not only comfortable but overwhelming. The first of a new series of TIME Polls, conducted by Daniel Yankelovich Inc., between July 24 and Aug. 7, took soundings from 2,320 representative voters from 16 "battleground" states, including seven deemed critical by both parties.* The sample, interviewed in depth by telephone concerning wide-ranging issues and attitudes, gave Nixon a 2-to-1 edge over George McGovern, 56% to 28%. Among Democrats (47% of those polled), McGovern won only 45% to Nixon's 37%, while McGovern picked up only 4% of the Republicans (27% of the total sample). The President outpolled McGovern in all seven critical states, with margins ranging from a low of 17% in New York to a high of 39% in Texas. All 16 states together command 332 of the 538 electoral votes (270 are needed to win).

Fate has a way of mocking early political forecasts and the TIME Poll, taken during the Eagleton imbroglio, clearly reflects a low point for McGovern. But the attitudes of the voters toward the candidates and the issues are hardly more encouraging for McGovern. They suggest that he is not only running behind Nixon but out of step with the average citizen. Among the poll's findings:

Richard Nixon seems to occupy the same political ground as the vast majority of voters.

Asked to characterize themselves as "conservative," "moderate," "liberal" or "radical," 75% of the voters labeled themselves "moderate" to "conservative," while only 15% admitted to being "liberal" and 2% to being "radical." Asked to characterize the candidates in the same terms, the same number, 75% classified Nixon as "conservative" to "moderate," while placing McGovern far to their left: 31% considered him "liberal," and 22% tarred him with radicalism. A majority—51%—agreed

with the statement, "Your views and interests are not well represented by McGovern and the Democratic Party." Disagreement came from 34%. In response to the same statement about Nixon and the Republicans, 44% said that Nixon did not represent their views, while 46% said he did.

While the majority of those interviewed considered the war the main issue of the presidential campaign, they did not seem to associate McGovern with peace.

One question was: "Generally, who would you say is the real peace candidate, Nixon or McGovern?" In response, 47% named Nixon; only 39% picked McGovern. And despite the fact that 80% agreed in whole or part that Nixon has not told the truth about the war, 62% thought that he was doing everything he could to end it. The figures reflected a lack of confidence in McGovern's ability to handle international relations. Underscoring one of the President's major political assets, 70% thought that Nixon would be better able to deal with China and Russia, while 68% believed that he would do more to keep the nation's defenses "strong."

The economy has emerged as the second most pressing issue of the campaign, but so far McGovern seems to have benefited little from the voters' concern.

While the sample considered McGovern a 2-to-1 favorite to close tax loopholes, the odds were almost reversed on his chances of keeping prices down, even though 49% said Nixon is not doing everything possible to keep prices from rising. Despite a clear consensus that McGovern is the champion of the "little man," voters gave Nixon a 9% edge in being able to handle the unions more "fairly." Union members participating in the poll gave Nixon a startling 15% margin over McGovern.

Nixon's strength is as broad as it is deep. He polls well even among voting groups that McGovern counts on heavily.

An analysis of the 18- to 24-year-old voters shows McGovern outpolling Nixon, but by a slim margin. While 51% of the college students preferred



CALIFORNIANS FOR NIXON
Courtied with federal jobs.

*The seven critical states are California, New York, Pennsylvania, Texas, Illinois, Ohio and Michigan. The other nine are New Jersey, Florida, Massachusetts, Indiana, North Carolina, Georgia, Missouri, Virginia and Wisconsin.

THE NATION

McGovern, the total 18-24 bracket gave him only a 5% edge. Nixon enjoys a margin of nearly 3 to 1 among Protestants and almost 2 to 1 among Catholics; while McGovern leads among Jewish voters, his margin is a surprisingly thin 7%. The only groups that seem to be completely polarized by the candidates are the blacks and the Wallace conservatives. The poll shows that blacks prefer McGovern 7 to 1, whereas virtually all of Wallace's support is seen to be going over to Nixon. Were

Wallace in the race, 15% of those polled would vote for him. Of that 15%, 12% would come from Nixon's column, 2% from the "undecided" and 1% from McGovern. Had Wallace run, in other words, Nixon's lead would have shrunk from 28% to 17%.

► *The majority of voters have grown decidedly mistrustful of present high Government office holders, but there is little evidence that George McGovern can capitalize on that mistrust.*

No less than 52% of the sample admitted that they "do not trust people in power" as much as they used to, which presumably reflects the Administration's involvements with ITT and the Watergate bugging case; yet only 2% of the voters mentioned "corruption in Government" as an issue. And when asked who could better "raise the moral standards" of the country, voters gave Nixon a 21% edge over McGovern.

► *The majority of voters seem generally satisfied with the way things are.*

In spite of the continuing war, rising food prices and crime rates, and general concern over drugs and immorality, 52% of the sample considered things to be going "well" in the country these days, compared with 43% who thought they were going "badly." Disaffection seems widespread, to be sure, but at the moment it appears hardly sufficient to sweep McGovern into the White House. Surprisingly, 62% of those polled said that they were not worried about rapid changes in their neighborhoods (35% were). An overwhelming 67% of the sample were "totally opposed" to school busing; yet oddly, only 6% regarded it as a major issue. That could change, of course, when the nation's schools reopen next month. Other supposedly volatile issues also scored low on the voters' laundry list of complaints: only 12% mentioned drugs, and only 1% mentioned amnesty and abortion.

For the moment, the poll shows only one wide opening in the door for McGovern—Nixon's ties with big business. No less than 67% answered yes when asked if Nixon was "too close to big business." In response to a slightly different question, 70% of the sample said that Nixon would be the more apt to "protect big business" than McGovern. Add to that the voters' confidence that McGovern is the man who can close tax loopholes, and the Democratic candidate might find a theme.

For now, however, McGovern's main task seems to be to convince the American people that he is not already out of the race. Asked who they think will win, regardless of their preferences, a staggering 76% of those polled picked Nixon, including 53% of those who favor McGovern. Yet the underdog's role is one McGovern seems to relish. He did, after all, start his march toward the Democratic nomination with only a 5% rating in the polls, and won it going away.

THE WAR

Bombs, Bombast and Negotiations

ALL last winter, Republicans in Washington repeated with a knowing air that Viet Nam would not be an issue in the 1972 presidential campaign—Richard Nixon, they intimated, would pull the rug out from under any Democrat who chose to run against the Administration's war policy. It may yet be so. But last week, as the campaign geared up toward its fall momentum, Viet Nam had again driven other issues into the background.

The bombing went on unabated; on one day last week, the U.S. pounded the North with 370 missions, one of the heaviest strikes of the war. Just as actively, the Administration was busy trying to coax forth some negotiated settlement. National Security Affairs Adviser Henry Kissinger met in Paris with North Viet Nam's Le Duc Tho for the 16th of their secret conferences. Scarcely by coincidence, Le Duc Tho flew to Peking to talk to Premier Chou En-lai and then on to Hanoi to consult with his government while Kissinger flew to Saigon for nearly six hours of talks with South Vietnamese President Nguyen Van Thieu. At least some approach toward a settlement was obviously being explored. At week's end Kissinger returned to Camp David, Nixon's mountain hideaway in Maryland, to report the results of his meetings.

Diplomatic Trajectories. George McGovern lost no time in charging that Nixon "has manipulated Mr. Kissinger and American public opinion to appear to be negotiating, when actually he has been stalling to prop up General Thieu and his corrupt military regime in Saigon." Speculation both in Washington and Saigon, however, focused on the real possibility of a cease-fire being arranged, with the U.S. agreeing to halt the bombing and mining of the North in return for P.O.W.s. But any such exchange might still be weeks away, at least. In his talks with Kissinger, Thieu resisted any cease-fire plan that would not provide for North Vietnamese withdrawal. According to one authority in Saigon, Thieu and Kissinger explored a number of scenarios but arrived at

Ramsey Clark (top), in North Viet Nam's Thai Binh province, is surrounded by curious, smiling North Vietnamese. A doctor points out damage done to the Thanh Hoa provincial hospital last April, shortly after the resumption of the air raids over the North. Clark and doctor examine an unexploded U.S. bomb 200 yards from the hospital.

Question: Supposing the election were held today, whom would you vote for, Nixon the Republican or McGovern the Democrat?

NIXON MCGOVERN NOT SURE

	56%	28%	16%
Total	54	32	14
Calif.	62	23	15
Texas	57	25	18
Michigan	58	25	17
Illinois	58	28	14
Ohio	52	30	18
Pa.	53	36	11
New York	57	25	18
Other Nine States			

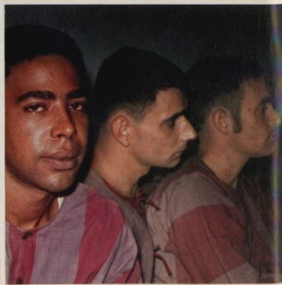
NIXON MCGOVERN NOT SURE

	88%	4%	8%
Rep.	37	45	18
Dem.	58	21	21
Ind./Other	59	27	14
Male	54	28	18
Female	41	46	13
18-24	36	51	13
25-49	48	38	14
50-64	59	26	15
65 & Over	60	23	17
Blacks	53	27	20
	10	73	17

NIXON MCGOVERN NOT SURE

	53%	29%	18%
Catholic	64	22	14
Protest.	37	44	19
Jewish	58	25	17
Irish	69	17	14
Germ.	47	34	19
East	55	36	9
Ital.	50	29	21
Blue Coll.	62	24	14
White Coll.	65	25	10
Prof.	45	34	21
Exec.	58	27	15
Under \$7,500	64	25	11
\$7,500-\$15,000	26	59	15
\$15,000 & Over	58	25	17
Lib.-Rad.	70	17	13
Moderate			
Conserv.			





no major decisions. There remained the chance, however, that Nixon might use the forum of the Republican Convention this week to break news of new peace initiatives or even arrangements.

It seemed clear that the U.S. election had become a factor in any possible settlement. Hanoi itself has become a careful observer of U.S. politics. At some point in the coming weeks, the North Vietnamese may decide whether to come to terms with the Nixon Administration before November or gamble on George McGovern's election in hopes of a better bargain.

As Kissinger arced through his diplomatic trajectories, the Democrats churned up bitter disputes at home about the war. Returning from a two week trip to North Viet Nam as part of a commission inquiring into U.S. crimes in Indochina, former Attorney General Ramsey Clark testified to the devastation wrought there by American bombing. "I saw hospitals bombed, some just damaged, some destroyed," he told a San Francisco press conference. "We're bombing the hell out of that poor land. You better believe we hit dikes and sluices and canals."

Outrageous. On his trip, Clark visited ten U.S. P.O.W.s. They were, he said, humanely treated, unbrainwashed and healthy. Clark predicted that some prisoners—"a few"—might be released, but he did not know when. Said Clark: "What they will tell you—and I have a little difficulty arguing with it—is that we can't release pilots while pilots are killing our children. That doesn't mean if we stop the bombing, but don't reach a military and political settlement, that they would return the prisoners."

Clark's trip aroused quick and partisan indignation from Republicans. Many charged that Clark had actually made broadcasts in Hanoi condemning the U.S. bombing—a charge that Clark denied. He said that he specifically refused an invitation to broadcast, but that the North Vietnamese had recorded some of his comments at press conferences and then played them over Hanoi radio. They might have done as much, he argued, with remarks he made in the U.S. Former Attorney General John Mitchell called it "outrageous conduct" nonetheless, and Secretary of State William Rogers sputtered: "It is beyond belief. I can't remember any time in our history when anything comparable has happened."

Still in the air was Sargent Shriver's charge, first leveled two weeks ago, that

Nixon had "blown" a chance to negotiate peace at the beginning of his term. Averell Harriman and Cyrus Vance, two Paris negotiators during the Johnson regime, supported Shriver, claiming that North Viet Nam's withdrawal of 22 to 25 regiments from the two northernmost provinces of South Viet Nam during the summer and fall of 1968 "signaled its willingness to reduce the level of violence." "Bunk," said Rogers.

Actually, the charge was a matter of interpretation. The North Vietnamese never said four years ago whether their redeployment was meant as a political signal. Shriver's argument was somewhat vitiated by the fact that the withdrawal occurred well before L.B.J. left office. Nor did it help his case that Shri-

"could jeopardize the President's efforts to reach peace in Viet Nam."

That hardly seemed likely; the North Vietnamese are well aware of the American political situation and what they could expect from a McGovern Administration. The episode, with its abrupt denial and then clarification, did, however, contribute somewhat to McGovern's own credibility problem, a general impression that his staff work remains strangely uncoordinated.

As the war issue swept back and forth across the partisan lines, McGovern himself continued a low-profile listening tour of the nation, this time traveling through the Midwest. He had been scheduled last week to patch up his troubles with Chicago's Mayor Richard



HENRY KISSINGER CONFERRING WITH NGUYEN VAN THIEU IN SAIGON

ver was not widely known as an antiwar critic at the time and that he stayed on at his ambassadorial post in Paris for one year of the Nixon Administration. At this late date, however, both Republicans and Democrats were playing the issue for political effect; the real question of whether a chance was missed remained somewhat obscure.

Listening Tour. The war and domestic politics were entangled again, more immediately, in a curious episode last week involving Pierre Salinger. Salinger told reporters he had spoken to the North Vietnamese in Paris on behalf of McGovern to find out whether they planned to release any American prisoners soon. Their answer: no.

When first asked about Salinger's mission, George McGovern was visiting the Illinois State Fair at Springfield. Initially, he seemed to deny that Salinger was acting on his instructions. Then later, he issued a statement saying that Salinger had indeed met with the North Vietnamese on his behalf, but only to make a middle-level inquiry about the possibility of prisoner release. Immediately, however, the White House claimed that McGovern's efforts could undermine the negotiations. Press Secretary Ronald Ziegler said such contacts

Daley, but Daley abruptly postponed the session. He was evidently irritated by a McGovern interview in *TIME* last week, in which the candidate said that he had to make a "deliberate effort" to ask support from party regulars, an effort that was apt to "offend tender skins." But McGovern did collect a welcome bonus from another party regular: Lyndon Johnson broke his long silence by endorsing the Democratic ticket, even though he noted: "It is no secret that Senator McGovern and I have widely differing opinions on many matters, especially foreign policy." This week, McGovern will make a pilgrimage to the L.B.J. ranch to find what he has in common with Johnson.

McGovern continued insistently if not very optimistically to challenge Nixon to come forth from the political sanctuary of the White House and debate the issues. It was probably a forlorn hope. As McGovern tried to flush Nixon out, the President remained intent on his own formula for re-election, which includes working at intricate Viet Nam scenarios. One of them, Nixon hopes, might yet make good the G.O.P. promise that by November, the issue of Viet Nam will have receded into relative insignificance.

During Jane Fonda's recent trip to North Viet Nam, she took these photographs (top) of ballet dancers dressed as bees, which the Vietnamese supposedly train to attack the enemy. Ramsey Clark's guides claim that this huge market (middle) in Haiphong was bombed on July 31, five days before his visit. (Bottom) P.O.W.s pouring tea during their interview with Clark.

REPUBLICANS

The Watergate Issue

It began as an odd, Bondian episode greeted with amused stupefaction in Washington. Now the Watergate affair promises to be the scandal of the year. Justice Department officials found that the receiving end of bugs planted in the Democratic National Committee's headquarters was located just across the street in two rooms in the Howard Johnson's motel. There members of the security intelligence squad of the Committee for the Re-Election of the President were clearing out their records and tapes minutes after the cops arrested the Watergate Five.

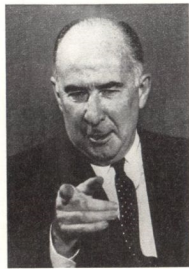
There were other iridescent traces leading to the C.R.P.: a possibility that the Watergate forces planned to plant incendiary bombs in the hall during the Democratic Convention, or conspired to have the hall stormed by paid Cuban exile mercenaries. The Administration maintained silence, although Attorney General Richard Kleindienst did venture that the bugging was "just about the stupidest goddam thing I ever heard of."

The incident has given the Democrats ammunition they could not

vert the seemingly unstoppable G.O.P. campaign. The Democrats have been moving methodically. As O'Brien puts it: "This is an unprecedented case of political espionage. We have been very, very careful in every step we've made."

Care is the last thing the Republicans exercised. The great embarrassment began the night of June 17, when police arrested the five men as they tried to remove bugging devices from the Democratic headquarters. As the cops moved in, Justice Department officials have learned, the recording equipment in the Howard Johnson's motel was being hurriedly removed. One of the men arrested was James W. McCord Jr., chief security coordinator for the Committee for the Re-Election of the President. The eavesdroppers across the street had apparently been assigned their tasks by McCord.

The intelligence squad grew out of



FORMER ATTORNEY GENERAL MITCHELL

a team of so-called "plumbers," originally recruited by the Administration to investigate leaks to the media. They included G. Gordon Liddy, a former White House staffer and then attorney for the C.R.P.'s finance committee; Robert Mardian, a former assistant U.S. Attorney General and an official for the C.R.P.; and E. Howard Hunt, a former White House consultant. The lead man in the Watergate caper was Bernard Barker, an ex-CIA agent. Federal investigators learned that \$114,000 from the C.R.P. had found its way into Barker's Miami bank account.

Early on the Justice Department discovered that \$25,000 of that money had been collected by Kenneth H. Dahlberg, the Republican finance chairman in the Midwest, who told the FBI that he had rounded up the cash from G.O.P. contributors early in April. The other \$89,000 apparently came through a Mexico City attorney, Manuel Ogario Daguerre. It is a matter of record that four bank drafts totaling \$89,000 all

bearing Ogario's name were deposited in Barker's Miami account.

As it turns out, one of Ogario's principal clients is the Gulf Resources & Chemical Corp. of Houston, Texas. The firm's president, Robert H. Allen, also happens to be chairman of the Texas finance committee to re-elect Nixon. Further, Nixon's re-election campaign in Texas is supervised by Robert Mardian of the C.R.P.

The Democrats are suspecting the best. They theorize that the Republicans might have fantasized a convention proposal that a new Democratic administration open dialogues with Fidel Castro, thus leaving itself open to attack in Miami Beach last month by anti-Castro Cubans. Although the Democrats grudgingly trusted Kleindienst on security measures, O'Brien and others were only too aware that he was Nixon's man. Still, the man they really want—because he is so closely tied with the Administration—is former Attorney General John N. Mitchell. As Nixon's campaign manager, Mitchell dismissed Liddy from the C.R.P. after Liddy had refused to answer FBI questions about the Watergate bugging. Mitchell resigned from his post two days later, ostensibly at his wife Martha's insistence. But Democrats think that Mitchell was trying to extricate himself from Watergate before the situation blew up. By coming down hard on Mitchell, the Democrats hope they can make Watergate a devastating—and durable—campaign issue.

CRIME

The Gang That Couldn't Shoot Straight

According to one popular notion, the Mafia gang war in New York City is a quick, convenient and highly effective method of crime control. Mobsters slaying mobsters, the theory holds, makes for fewer mobsters. Even if that cynical hypothesis were morally acceptable, it would break down, because the gunplay between New York's embattled clans, which has claimed 23 known victims in the past 14 months, is being carried on by some singularly inept, trigger-happy hoods.

Three weeks ago, for example, a musclem named Carlo Lombardi strolled into the Ravello Social Club, a mob hangout in Little Italy. Lombardi, who harbored a grudge against the powerful Gambino family, spied some members of the clan and immediately began blazing away with his automatic pistol. All six shots missed their mark, and Lombardi quickly fled into the night. Unruffled, the Gambinos dispatched two gunmen to track down Lombardi and then resumed their discussion of the fate of the Manfredi cousins, Phillip J. ("Little Phil") and Phillip D. ("Big Phil"), judged guilty of double-crossing a Gambino capo. The two



MARDIAN PHOTOGRAPHING PROTESTS
Iridescent traces.

have imagined for themselves. Larry O'Brien, the Democratic National Chairman at the time five men were arrested for possession of bugging devices at his Watergate headquarters, last week refilled his \$1,000,000 suit for violation of civil rights in Washington's federal district court. His attorney, Edward Bennett Williams, a crack criminal lawyer who is working on the case without pay, has asked for subpoenas requiring the principals named in the case to submit to questioning under oath this week. The aim is to preoccupy the Republicans in court during the fall and to keep the case in public view to sub-



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RCA XL-100 takes out a And adds the strongest color tv guarantee in RCA history.

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1. You get a full year on parts (picture tube—2 years) and labor. Most other color TV models are not 100% solid state—and give you only 90 days on labor.
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Here are the basic provisions: If anything goes wrong with your new XL-100 within a year from the day you buy it—and it's our fault—we'll pay to have it fixed. This includes regular labor charges plus parts (new or, at our option, rebuilt). Use any service shop in which you have confidence—no need to pick from an authorized list. If your set is a

portable, you take it in for service. For larger sets, a serviceman will come to your home. Present the warranty registration your dealer provided when you bought your set, and RCA will pay the repair bill. If the picture tube becomes defective during the first two years, we will exchange it for a rebuilt tube. (We pay for installation during the first year—you pay for it in the second year.) RCA's "Purchaser Satisfaction" warranty covers every set defect. It doesn't cover installation, foreign use, antenna systems or adjustment of customer controls.

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The only one with
the taste of extra coolness.



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King Size: 16 mg. "tar," 1.4 mg. nicotine; Longs: 16 mg. "tar,"
1.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. '82

Phils, big and little, were executed in The Bronx later that night.

Outside New York, meanwhile, the Gambino gunmen cornered Lombardi and his girl friend in a motel room, forced the couple into their car and then drove them to a secluded roadside. After killing Lombardi, the gunmen were about to finish off the girl friend when they were interrupted by the chattering of a squirrel. Mistaking the animal for a human witness, the hit men loosed a fusillade into the bushes and fled. The squirrel died, but the girl friend, shot once in the neck, survived and gave police a detailed description of the assailants. If nothing else, as the joke went, the gunmen could be arrested for shooting a squirrel out of season.

The caper proved a prelude to another, even grimmer case of mistaken identity that provoked considerable public outrage.

No gang war is really a private affair—any killing, even of criminals by criminals, is an affront to the community—but most people do not become indignant until innocent bystanders are involved. The latest incident occurred in the Neopolitan Noodle, a restaurant on Manhattan's Upper East Side that is frequented by members of the Colombo gang. The Gallo clan, bent on revenging the assassination of Crazy Joey Gallo (TIME, April 17), began staking out the restaurant in hope of catching the Colombos off guard. One night recently, a Gallo spy spotted four Colombo men gathered at the bar and quickly left to flash word to the Gallo camp in Brooklyn. In the interim the Colombos moved to a rear table and were replaced at the bar by four wholesale kosher-meat dealers out for a night on the town. A half-hour later, a Gallo trigger man known as "The Syrian" donned a shoulder-



GANG LEADER ALBERT GALLO
A case of mistaken identity.

length black wig, entered the restaurant, ordered a Scotch and water, and began sizing up what he took to be his victims.

The Syrian was chosen for the job because he was unknown to the Colombos. Trouble was, he did not know the Colombos either. When the four men began to leave the bar, The Syrian pulled out two .38-cal. revolvers and began firing. After killing two of the men and wounding the others, The Syrian pocketed his revolvers and walked out of the restaurant.

The reaction was immediate and apoplectic. Police Commissioner Patrick Murphy called the murders a "terrible, frightening crime." Mayor John Lindsay vowed that "the Mob must be stopped and the gangsters run out of town."

As usual, such belated, pious protestations commanded the headlines but did not faze the Mafia; they have heard it all before and have still gone on with business as usual. A more serious threat was District Attorney Frank Hogan's revelation that he would subpoena as many as 600 Mobsters before a grand jury. The most potentially punishing blow was a plan to publicly name the businesses acting as fronts for gangland interests as a way of discouraging patronage and slashing their earnings.

The American Civil Liberties Union immediately registered its quite justified objection to such damning disclosures without trial. Meantime, the

Mob's high commission met in emergency session, condemned the Gallo faction for killing so sloppily, and as a penalty ordered the Gallo band to be broken up among the other New York Mafia families. The Gallos, now led by Joey's kid brother Al, arrogantly refused and promised that their gang war would go on.

SKYJACKING

Stopping Mad Dogs

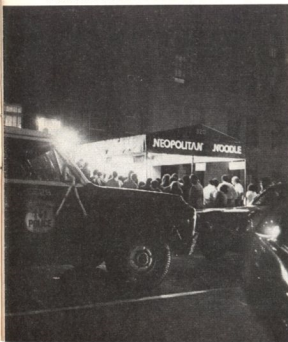
Skyjacking had never looked easier. Last week, a few hours after day-break, Frank Markoe Sibley Jr., 43, of Stateline, Nev., pulled a ski mask over his face, slung an M-1 rifle across the handlebars of his bicycle, and pedaled through a gap in the fence surrounding the Reno Municipal Airport—the same gap used by another hijacker three months ago. (Reno has applied for federal funds for a new fence, but has yet to receive them.) Ditching his bike, he slipped the rifle under his green field jacket, bulled his way into the line of passengers boarding a United Air Lines Boeing 727 bound for San Francisco, and took command of the aircraft.

Sibley's demands were as unusual as his methods. Besides \$2,000,000 in \$20 and \$50 bills and \$8,000 worth of gold bars—the highest ransom ever demanded in the U.S.—he insisted upon items ranging from three Thompson submachine guns and 300 feet of nylon rope to ammonia inhalers, smelling salts, pep pills and sleeping pills. Once the passengers were off the plane, it flew to Vancouver, B.C. Told that that much U.S. currency was not on hand in Vancouver, Sibley ordered the plane to Seattle. En route, he handed the crew a four-page statement explaining his motives, and ordered the captain to have it read over radio stations in Vancouver and Seattle.

"We are a well-disciplined, paramilitary organization fed up with Nixon's broken promises and deceit, which is clearly expressed by his secret build-up of forces in Thailand, Laos and Cambodia," began Sibley's statement. He went on to say that United Air Lines was a "major contributor to the war effort," and he threatened to destroy not only the plane he had hijacked but the entire United fleet. "It is those who support and encourage this war who should be prosecuted, not us," the hijacker wrote.

By sunset, 40 FBI agents had coordinated an attack on the plane, which was parked at Seattle-Tacoma International Airport. Two agents, posing as relief pilots, boarded through the side door from a forklift truck, while others stormed up the rear gangway. Sibley, wounded in the shoulder and leg, was taken to the hospital. When it was announced that no one else had been injured in the shoot-out, the crowd of observers broke into applause.

SCENE OF LATEST GANGLAND SLAYINGS



NARCOTICS

The Global Connection

TO many Paraguayans, Auguste Joseph Ricord, a short, balding French Corsican with an avuncular manner, was merely the proprietor of the Paris-Nice motel and café near Paraguay's somnolent capital city of Asunción. To various international law-enforcement agencies, however, Ricord was much better known as the owner of a string of aliases (Mr. André, Lucien Dar-

SIPA/HUGLO—REXANA

ber 1970, when federal agents seized five couriers with a shipment of 97.5 lbs. of heroin (worth about \$12 million on the street) in Miami and succeeded in tracing it back to Ricord, the U.S. has been seeking to extradite him on conspiracy charges, alleging that he is the kingpin of a syndicate that piped more than 11,000 lbs. of heroin (\$1.2 billion) through Paraguay to the U.S. over a five-year period. A Paraguayan court—perhaps reflecting the country's reverence for smuggling (it is the leading industry) and the kind of influence any big-time operator can buy in a nation of 2.4 million people—said nothing doing. Ricord remained comfortably ensconced in jail, where he was allowed visits by a daughter and niece, who brought his meals. Paraguayans speculated that he was also continuing to control his syndicate from the cell.

The U.S. answered by closing down U.S. lines of credit to Paraguay amounting to some \$5,000,000. Last week, ruling that Ricord's extradition would be "desirable" after all, a Paraguayan appeals court overturned the first court's decision. If there are no further snags, Ricord—who is one of the biggest drug traffickers ever snared by the U.S.—will soon face trial in New York.

Even so, the U.S. antidrug effort has not been notably successful. Shortly before President Nixon announced his all-out war on drugs a year ago, an estimated 315,000 Americans were addicted to heroin, which is the most profitable item in the international narcotics trade. Recent estimates have put the addict population at around 560,000 persons, though the jump in the figures reflects some zags in statistics taking as well as real growth in addiction.

No Luck. As if there had been any question about it, a report released by the Administration last week confirmed that the war on drugs is turning out to be more complex and difficult than Washington had at first imagined. The 111-page report, prepared by Nixon's five-man Cabinet Committee on International Narcotics Control, concedes that despite greatly increased surveillance, the U.S. was able to seize only "a small fraction" (roughly 8%) of the estimated ten tons of heroin that reaches the U.S. each year. There was no reason to believe, the report continued gloomily, that the international drug traffickers will lack "adequate supplies" in the future.

Washington's opponents in its drug war are what the report describes as a number of slippery and slyly professional narcotics "cartels." Most of the

heroin reaching the U.S. is funneled through Western Europe, where the lucrative U.S.-bound trade has long been dominated by rings of French Corsicans based in Marseille. Processed into morphine base, Turkish opium is easily smuggled to Marseille or, increasingly, through West Germany, most often aboard sealed trucks, which, under European customs agreements, are usually waved past border posts without even a cursory inspection. The morphine base is processed in clandestine laboratories, and the finished heroin reaches wholesalers in the U.S. aboard planes or ships arriving in Montreal or New York. Since 1969, increasing amounts have also been shipped via Corsican and Italian middlemen in Montevideo, Buenos Aires—or Auguste Ricord's Asunción. The economics of the trade are such that the professional trafficker is usually assured of great profit—and power. Along the various steps from Turkish farm, where enough opium to produce a "key" (kilogram) of heroin can be bought for \$22, to New York market, the value of a key rises dramatically:

At the labs in Marseille	\$5,000
On arrival in New York	\$10,000
On the wholesale market	\$22,000
On the street	\$220,000

No Alarm. The Administration's strategy has been to try to pinch off the drug routes before they reach New York, Miami or the Mexican border, the main U.S. entry points. The effort involves long Le Carré-style work by dozens of globe-ranging narcotics agents, as well as diplomatic pressure on 57 countries that are concerned with the trade in one way or another. But the effort has been frustrating. Many governments are not particularly receptive to U.S. pleas for cooperation and, as the Cabinet Committee report wryly observes, they are "regularly and skillfully exploited by the illicit international trafficker." The report unhappily notes that in Burma, where the annual opium harvest comes to a hefty 400 tons, the narcotics trade is "not viewed with great alarm." Authorities in Pakistan prefer to act as if their country's opium output, which runs as high as 170 tons a year, is really "quite small."

The U.S.'s one big success, Turkey, may turn out to be discouragingly hollow. In return for \$35 million in various subsidies, Turkey agreed to curb the cultivation of opium after the 1972 crop was harvested. The Administration felt that it had achieved a "breakthrough" because the 80 tons of illicit opium produced by Turkish farmers last year produced 80% of the heroin entering the U.S. market. But now there are worries that the curb may be ineffective, in view of the large supplies of opium that canny Turkish smugglers are rumored to have begun to stockpile long ago.



RICORD IN ASUNCIÓN CELL WITH NIECE
The kingpin.

guelles, "El Comandante") and a police report that includes a bust for theft in prewar Marseille, a 1950 French conviction as a "dangerous" wartime Gestapo agent, and links in more recent years with prostitution in Argentina and Venezuela. Not long ago, Ricord picked up a new moniker: among U.S. narcotics agents, he began to be known simply as the "Latin Connection."

For 16 months, Ricord has been sitting in an Asunción prison cell, at the center of a diplomatic tug of war between the Nixon Administration and Paraguayan President Alfredo Stroessner's military dictatorship. Since Octo-

Moreover, there is a growing realization that drug traffickers can draw on ample surpluses in the total worldwide illicit production of opium—1,200 tons last year, enough to supply the U.S. market many times over. India, Pakistan and Afghanistan grow some 360 tons of illegal opium each year, most of which at present goes to Iran. The "Golden Triangle" of Burma, Thailand and Laos is the largest single opium-producing area (700 tons a year). Dealers there have been supplying U.S. troops in South Viet Nam, and it is open to question, the report notes, whether they will accept the loss of income brought about by U.S. withdrawal, or try to invade the American market. Then there is the worrisome fact that to be cultivated profitably, the opium poppy needs only a warm climate and cheap labor. Poppy plantings have recently been spotted in Costa Rica and high in the Andes in Ecuador and Peru.

MOROCCO

Et Tu, Oufkir?

Morocco's King Hassan II is today the only monarch in North Africa swept by the winds of socialism. Just over a year ago, he narrowly escaped when dissident army cadets invaded his birthday party with machine guns, rockets and mortars and killed 92 guests. Last week Hassan had another miraculous escape—this time from his own air force.

The King was flying home from a three-week visit to France and his Boeing 727 jetliner was just descending to begin the approach into Rabat airport when three American-made F-5 Freedom Fighters of the Moroccan air force flew out to meet it. Suddenly, the aerial escort opened fire with rockets and machine guns on the royal plane. After two passes they had damaged the cockpit, cut hydraulic lines, smashed instruments and blown out a rear door. As Prince Moulay Abdullah, the King's brother related later, the quick-thinking Hassan called the attacking pilots on the airliner's radio and told them that he was the flight engineer. The King was "mortally wounded," he said, and the airliner's two pilots were dead;

he would attempt a landing at Rabat.

The air force pilots obligingly escorted the plane down to the airfield, where it landed safely with two of its three engines out of action. Calmly, the King reviewed the honor guard, chatted with Cabinet ministers and waiting foreign diplomats. Also waiting was Hassan's Defense Minister, General Mohammed Oufkir, 52. Ruthless, his eyes always hidden by dark glasses, Oufkir for more than a decade had been considered the strongest prop of the Moroccan monarchy. He gained international notoriety in 1965 for his role in the Paris kidnaping and presumed murder of the Moroccan Leftist Mehdi Ben Barka; a French court convicted Oufkir *in absentia* of the crime.

This day, shortly before the crippled plane landed, Oufkir had been summoned to the telephone at the airport control tower. What was said over the phone was not revealed. But shortly after the King, with three of his four children, had sped away to his summer palace in a small black Renault-16, a Moroccan air force jet made four passes at the field, shooting up cars, scattering the honor guard, killing eight people and wounding 47. But once again, Hassan had escaped totally unscathed.

Elsewhere, loyal officers were moving fast to take the situation in hand. Kenitra Air Base (where some 700 American Air Force advisers and their families are stationed) was surrounded. The Moroccan base commander, Major Kouera el Ouafi, 35, parachuted from his F-5 and was arrested. Five other airmen fled in a helicopter to Gibraltar. The British turned them over to Moroccan authorities two days later. At the same time, hundreds of airmen at Kenitra were placed under arrest.

The morning after the abortive coup, when calm had apparently returned to the capital, Morocco was shaken with the official announcement that eight hours after the attack on the royal plane, Oufkir had shot himself in the head at the King's palace at Skhirat. When word first broke, speculation was that he might have done so out of a sense of disgrace at having failed to prevent the revolt. Not so, charged Interior Minister Mohammed Benhima, revealing that one of the Gibraltar fu-

gitives had implicated Oufkir. "It was a suicide of treachery," he said, "not a suicide of loyalty."

Later, Moroccan sources said that Oufkir's plan had been to kill not only the King but his heirs as well. The King's plane was to have been shot down over water, thus appearing to be an accident. What about the phone call at the airport control tower? Presumably at that point Oufkir had realized that his plot had failed and he ordered the jets to strafe the King on the ground.

The unsuccessful coup underscores the growing unpopularity of Hassan's regime. The King's appearance on movie screens evokes catcalls and gibes. Students brazenly parade donkeys labeled "King Hassan" through the streets. Charges abound of corruption in high places, authoritarianism and nepotism favoring an Arab elite in a predominantly Berber community. The military, which holds the only organized power in a country where factionalism among rival parties and labor unions has dissipated the political opposition, is demonstrably coup-happy. After the even bloodier attempt on his life last year, Hassan moved to initiate reforms. Obviously, he has not moved rapidly enough.

GENERAL OUFKIR



MOROCCO'S KING HASSAN II



CARS DAMAGED BY STRAFING AT RABAT AIRPORT



WOLADORE—PICTORIAL

TEAM

MONOKINED GIRLS SOAKING UP SUN IN ST-TROPEZ

A whole new Baedeker of unprecedented pollution, prices, crowding and exposure of skin.

NUDE FAMILY BATHING

EUROPE

The Naked and the Med

ALL of Paris seemed to be *en vacances*, and the city belonged to the tourists; Rome was closed down for *feragosto*, Italy's best-loved annual holiday; Bonn seemed a smaller town in Germany than ever. Where had all the Europeans gone? They had taken to the roads and beaches, turning the Riviera into an ever more delirious nightmare of traffic jams and suntan oil.

August, in short, is Europe's most grueling month, when by custom almost everyone on the Continent goes on vacation at the same time. If official estimates are to be believed, fully half of West Germany's 59 million people are away from their homes. More than 50% of these have left Germany for Austria, Italy, Spain, Yugoslavia and other points south; 29 flights a week arrive in Mallorca from Germany. Half of The Netherlands' 13 million people are out of their country. Some 22 mil-

lion Frenchmen (46% of the population) continue to insist upon their August vacation despite government protests that the country can no longer afford its annual month-long paralysis.

The number of Europeans on the road, on the rails or in the air this summer has reached a record 75 million, triple the level of 15 years ago. Largely because much of Europe was beset by the wettest and coldest July in a decade—the worst in France in 90 years—the hordes have been moving south to the Mediterranean in greater numbers and later in the summer than ever before.

This year's migration to the Med has already produced its own new Baedeker of unprecedented pollution, prices, crowding and—less trying of course—exposure of skin to sun (see map). Cost? A few venturesome Italians have discovered that a 15-day tour of Eastern Europe and Russia can be cheaper

than two weeks at the messy beaches of Fregene, a popular resort near Rome. Pollution? The French have taken pains to clean up their beaches; however, the Mediterranean around Spain and some parts of Italy has become a mixture of urban and industrial effluents.

Crowds? On Ibiza, the neighbors of Hughes-Hoax Author Clifford Irving can blame him for making the island a household name; it has become so crowded that some travelers sleep in cars or on the roadsides. On the Greek island of Ios, police no longer allow the young knapsack-setters who arrive by the boatload every summer to camp on the beaches. Reason: there were so many kids and so few sanitary facilities that officials feared an outbreak of disease.

So far, however, only nudity has reached epidemic proportions. The monokini, which first appeared in St-Tropez two years ago has spread this year to the beaches of tonier Antibes, Juan-les-Pins and Sardinia. By now the fad has become so familiar that *Le Figaro's* food critic has commented that "a





The following to be read in plain language.



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THE WORLD



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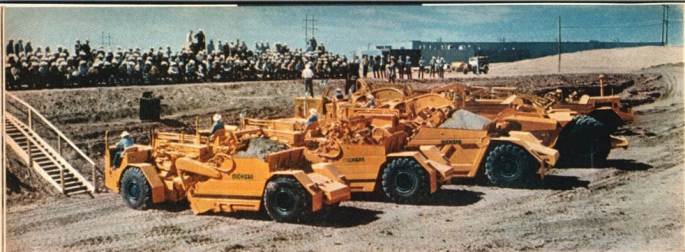
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The real

Cultures which see no further than themselves bear the seeds of their own destruction.



The ideal

We must recognize that other cultures can help us as much as we could help them.

Metropolitan Museum of Art
Benin Mask—A. Gargagliano

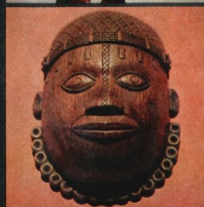
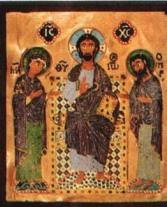
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any culture to isolate itself to the degree it can believe it has all the answers.

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AtlanticRichfieldCompany ♦



breast leaning into a local salad is as removed from sexuality as a nose, an ear or a heel bone."

Total nudity meantime has become a mass phenomenon. So many Frenchmen want to spend their vacations *au naturel* that the government has turned over to them most of Cap d'Agde, one of seven resort centers being developed along the "new Riviera" between Marseille and the Spanish border. The Fontainebleau of the bare set is Port Ambonne, a year-old, \$4,000,000 complex on the Cap d'Agde, which has its own yacht basin and supermarket for nudists. Families have paid up to \$26,000 for two- or three-room condominiums in an amphitheater-shaped apartment tower that curves around a nude-swimming pool. So far this year, some 25,000 nudists, about half of them foreigners, have visited the complex for a few carefree days of freedom from the world of those whom they refer to with mild contempt as "les textiles."

Hard Labor. Even Communist Yugoslavia now has a string of nudist camps along the Adriatic Coast for the benefit of foreign tourists. Earlier this month it also played host to the 13th World Congress of Naturalists, though not without a bit of embarrassment. The Croatian Minister for Tourism angrily canceled an appearance at the congress when informed that he was expected to show up in the buff.

For the more or less clothed, one beach in particular belongs to all of Europe, and all of Europe seems to descend upon it in August. That is the 25 miles of broad sandy coast on either side of Rimini, part of Italy's Adriatic Riviera. The cost can be modest—\$10 a day buys a room and meals—for those willing to holiday amid beach umbrellas ten to 30 rows deep. Some Italians who are compelled to take their vacations in the August crush have characterized them as holidays at hard labor. After the vacationer has fought the battle of the traffic, train or plane, staked out a place on the beach, paid for each umbrella and chair, made a scene to get the rooms he booked months ago and then been kept awake by the roar of motorcycles and rock groups, he might well consider himself more oppressed than he was in the city.

Then why does the custom of August vacations persist? Partly it is sheer habit, but partly also the crush begins with the large industries, whose managers claim that only by shutting down altogether can major maintenance be done and everyone be given a holiday without an unacceptable slowdown of the assembly lines. After the factories close, a whole chain of related businesses follows suit. Then the food, clothing and other industries schedule their vacations for the "dead" period. Even so, Europeans seem in no hurry to change. When Italian workers were recently polled on their vacation preferences, almost 80% said that they would choose August.

NORTHERN IRELAND

Indiscriminate Terror

Michael McGuigan, 19, a Catholic high school student, had a summer job at the Abercorn Bar in the center of Belfast. One night last month he invited a Protestant waitress for a drink, and then around 3 a.m. offered to take her home in a taxi. On his way back from the Protestant area in which she lived, the taxi was stopped by three men and Michael was taken "shaking from head to toe" to a nearby house. "For the next hour they kept asking me who was my commander, what was the number of my platoon, and so on," he recalls. "I believe they mistook me for one of the Ardoyne district McGuigans, who are a big I.R.A. family." The men took off his high-topped boots and hit him over the head with the heels until blood poured from his wounds, then stripped

PACENAKER PRESS



POLICE CARRYING BODY FOUND AT A BELFAST CRICKET CLUB
All the more frightening because it is all so random.

him to the waist and ran the barrels of their pistols up and down his spine.

Then McGuigan was taken to another house, where hooded men punched and beat him almost senseless. "I believe that you're not in the I.R.A.," one of them whispered to him, "but the others want you executed." Amid curses of "You Fenian bastard," he was blindfolded and led to an open field. "Before shooting, they lifted my hood so I could see them," he says. "One of the men held an old revolver, the other one a pistol. Suddenly, I smelled nothing but gun smoke." The yellow shirt he wore turned red with blood. He fell to the ground and tried to twist out of the way of the shots being pumped into his body. When he woke up later, he was alone in the field. Despite eight bullets in his legs, shoulder, intestines and groin, he managed to crawl to the roadside, where a passing motorist saw him and called an ambulance.

Michael McGuigan is now recovering in a Belfast hospital, one of the few survivors of a wave of terrorist murders that has caught Ulster in a grip of fear and fanned the flames of sectarian hatred. Often overshadowed by the more spectacular bombings and shoot-outs between soldiers and the I.R.A., the slayings are in a way more frightening because of their seemingly random nature. Police say that in most of the cases there is no apparent motive "other than the fact that the victim was a Protestant or a Catholic in the wrong place at the wrong time." During what police now call the "mad month" of July, 37 bullet-riddled victims, some of them mutilated, others scarred and burned beyond recognition, were found in alleys or open fields. Twenty were Catholic, 17 Protestant.

Last week, after two more bodies had been found, British officials offered a \$125,000 reward to reinforce the ef-

forts of a special task force of 100 detectives assigned to track down the killers. Frank Wynn, 35, a Catholic from central Belfast, had been beaten before being shot through the head and his body dumped in a stolen car. In the grisliest slaying yet, Thomas Madden, 48, also a Catholic, who worked as a night watchman, was completely disfigured by more than 40 knife wounds. Whether in revenge or not, two unmasked gunmen later in the week walked into a Protestant bar and pumped a clip of automatic pistol bullets into the chest of bartender William Spence, 32.

Police suspect that some of the slayings are ordered by kangaroo courts that are settling scores between the I.R.A.'s feuding Provisional and Marxist-lining Official wings. Others have almost certainly been carried out by extremists of the Protestant Ulster Defense Association. Catholics fear that U.D.A. assassins are seeking indiscriminate revenge

THE WORLD

against anyone who happens to be Catholic. Militant Ulster Vanguard Leader William Craig recently told an Orange Order rally that in retaliating against I.R.A. violence, "it will not be possible to choose between friend and foe in the Roman Catholic community."

But the fact that almost as many Protestants as Catholics have been killed—and that few of the victims had any connection with extremist organizations—has now led to fears that a terrorist gang of assassins, possibly psychopaths with no political connections, may be at work. One gang in the Protestant area, says Paddy Devlin, an M.P. for the Falls Road area in Belfast, is led by a "mad, dangerous man who uses a knife on many of his victims." The killers operate at night, mostly on week-ends, often prowling in stolen cars or listening in on taxi radios, and apparently picking their victims by chance.

Men have been shot in doorways of their homes or found tied and gagged, with bullets through their heads, in the trunks of burnt-out cars. Most have been mutilated or tortured. David McGlenaghan, a mentally retarded youth of 15, was killed when gunmen invaded his home and shot him as he lay sleeping. Harry Russell, 23, a male nurse from Carrick-Fergus on the outskirts of Belfast, was found shot through the head in a back alley, covered with torture marks and stab wounds, including a T for "Traitor" burned into his skin.

The new violence, which took more lives than the bombings last month, has left Ulster residents benumbed. "I just wish somebody would teach me how to live again," says Mrs. Malcolm Orr, "because I believe I have forgotten how." The Orrs, a Protestant family, lost both their sons, aged 19 and 20, on the same night in July. Their bodies were found piled on top of each other near a road leading to the airport. The boys' only possible crime was that one had a Catholic friend, the other a Catholic sweetheart.

UNITED NATIONS

The Golden Egg

One of the major industries of Geneva—along with banking and watch-making—is the care and feeding of the European headquarters of the United Nations, which now includes five senior agencies, 20 international programs, 41 annual conferences and 4,000 official meetings each year, all charged with carrying out the decisions of the General Assembly in New York City. The Swiss call it "the golden egg," and with good reason. Since 1966, the combined budgets of the various organizations and agencies have doubled, swelling to \$250 million annually, more than is spent by the U.N. in New York. The U.N.'s Geneva headquarters has in short become one of the greatest bureaucracies ever built. TIME Correspondent William McWhirter recently explored it and sent this report:

Every new idea that surfaces in the General Assembly seems to arrive in Geneva with its own subagency. It has been like the mighty unleashing of the deepest, darkest bureaucratic instincts of six continents, 132 countries and all the races of man, as if the only true law among nations has turned out to be Parkinson's.

"There has been a terrible extension," admits Georges Palthey, a U.N. official since 1945 and the assistant director-general of the Geneva branch. "The general plan was to bring, as much as possible, services of a social and economic character to Geneva. That was the plan, but the implementation has been mishmash. We can say now that the U.N. in Geneva is dealing with all the possible problems on the planet, from the sea bed to space."

Such expanded responsibilities require ever larger offices, and a massive \$78.5 million building program is under way. A new wing of the Geneva Secretariat will open next month, doubling

the present space of the Palais des Nations; one of the Secretariat's prime responsibilities is to keep the printing presses, which turn out more than 250 million pages a year, running. Two steel-and-glass headquarters, for the International Labor Organization (ILO) and the International Telecommunication Union (ITU), and a 1,200-car garage are also being built.

In addition to ILO and ITU, Geneva is the home of such prestigious U.N. agencies as the World Health Organization (WHO), World Meteorological Organization (WMO), and the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade (GATT). Last week the branch of the U.N. Children's Fund (UNICEF), Paris-based since 1946, disclosed plans to move its headquarters to Geneva by next summer. Soon to come is a helterskelter maze of smaller programs, ranging from the Office of the High Commissioner for Refugees (UNHCR), to the International Bureau for Declaration of Death, which identifies victims of civil wars and natural disasters, to the U.N. Conference on Trade and Development (UNCTAD), which now has more member countries (142) than the U.N. itself.

UNCTAD is a case study in proliferation. It began as a trade conference in 1964, mainly for the benefit of the less-developed nations, and has since held only three conferences, the last one a five-week affair last spring in Santiago, Chile. So far, UNCTAD has written a convention recommending that developing countries be given increased trade preferences, and in 1968 concluded an international sugar agreement. Though its record is modest, UNCTAD has its own secretary-general, external relations division, office of administration, information unit, technical-assistance coordination unit, research division, trade expansion and economic integration division, commodities division, manufactures division, invisibles and technology transfer division, trade with socialist countries division and a New York liaison office—in all, a staff of 324.

The U.N. agencies can of course point to a considerable record of accomplishment. GATT ran the Kennedy round of trade talks. WHO operates on an unparalleled scale in virtually all areas of health care. UNICEF provides broad assistance to developing nations, offering health and education services and job training for mothers and for children up to the age of 15. As a whole, the working bodies remain an invaluable, irreplaceable collection point for information flowing between East and West and from the developed to the developing nations.

Still, the agencies have become increasingly concerned about their own relevance and are furiously leaping from one new issue to the next. This year they are battling fiercely among themselves for pieces of such issues as environment, population, pollution, drugs and disease. "We have already studied occupational cancer very seri-

PRINTING PRESSES & DOCUMENTS IN BASEMENT OF GENEVA'S PALAIS DES NATIONS



REUTERS/STRA



The comeback of Eddie Nelson

He retired five years ago with a gold watch and a nice little pension. He sold the watch last year and inflation has ground his nice little pension into a pittance. So Eddie's back at work.

Washing dishes isn't so bad. The meals are good, and a lonesome old man has someone to talk to.

At Blue Shield, we're especially concerned about inflation because it affects the lives, and often the health, of nearly everyone. Including our 67 million subscribers.

We're doing something. Working hard at finding new ways to contain health care costs so

that our subscriber's health care dollar is worth more. Experimenting with new alternatives to deliver and finance health care to see if there's a better way.

And we're grateful to all those helping us—concerned physicians, educators, civic leaders, labor leaders, businessmen and patients.

We're not doing these things for profit. But because we're concerned. We don't just work for you. We are you.



Blue Shield

67 million concerned Americans

PICK A CARD, MY FRIEND.

When our railroad started, back in 1850, it may have been a game of chance. But it wasn't...it was a sure bet. Hard work and dedication saw to that. Since then, we've concentrated on making the Milwaukee Road one of the best in the business. Last check showed us right on track.

We've given you Carscope[®], the Know-it-alls[®], the Roaring 90's[®], 11 Western Gateways[®] and finally Portland[®].

So, next time our Sales Representative calls on you, tell him what service you need and he'll lay our cards on the table...face up.

The Milwaukee Road. America's resourceful railroad.



*Carscope: Master detective who can locate your freight car in seconds.

*Know-it-alls: Ingenious computers which tell you the best plant sites on our railroad.

*Roaring 90's: All-piggyback and container trains between Chicago and the Twin Cities.

*11 Western Gateways: Interchange points with another railroad.

*Portland: Served by the Milwaukee.



THE WORLD

ously," says an ILO spokesman. "In the fall we will discuss multinational companies. It will be a very big study. We are also very concerned about migrant workers. Do you know about migrant workers?" There is talk that next year the General Assembly may create a general protein fund, naming a special coordinator for protein.

Usually, everyone ends up with a piece of everything. As a result, the agencies complain that they are spending more and more of their time just consulting with one another. In the field of drug control there is the Division of Narcotic Drugs, the U.N. Fund for the Secretariat of International Narcotics Control Board and the newly created U.N. Fund for Drug Abuse Control. Recently, another new group of agencies has been started to coordinate special areas among the rival bodies.

In the meantime, each agency seems determined to establish its own independence not only from every other agency but from the working apparatus of the U.N. as well. They have managed to free themselves from the Secretariat by making their annual budget and program reports accountable only to the General Assembly, which is not equipped to be an administrative body. They have built pint-sized superstructures, asserting reasonably enough that it is better to be the director-general of a small fiefdom than a third assistant deputy in a larger one. Almost every agency, without any central coordination, has also begun to run its own fund drives for voluntary contributions. This has become an effective device for securing further independence from the parent body while, in some cases, more than doubling an agency's budget.

Worry. Only one Geneva agency has ever gone so far as to commit itself to management analysis; the study was done by McKenzie & Co., a New York management consultant firm. The ILO, which was founded in 1919, is still a bit unnerved by the experience. "It left us a house divided between two cultures," says an ILO administrator, "one following the new ways and the other continuing to do what it has always done. It also left us feeling that we aren't a family business any longer. They asked us questions about what we thought our purpose was, what we thought our apparatus was supposed to accomplish and what we thought of our results. You don't ask those kinds of questions in a family business, do you?"

U.N. administrators spend considerable time worrying about the Geneva problem, not the least because Kurt Waldheim, the Secretary-General, has made a point of giving it special attention. But the U.N. has become almost powerless to impose itself upon the budgets, staffs or even programs of the various agencies. One answer, in some minds, is to begin to centralize a good many U.N. functions, perhaps even working toward a common budget, but

that would mean taking back what has already been handed out—a political feat anywhere. Should Geneva become too cumbersome, however, U.N. officials are now working on another possible solution: the creation of another complex of scientific and technological agencies in Vienna.

ITALY

Femmes Fatales

El Al's flight LY-444, bound for Tel Aviv, was ten minutes out of Rome last week when an explosion rocked the plane and flames came shooting up through the floor. "We are going to die!" someone screamed. "We will fall into the sea!" shouted another passenger. The blast had knocked a hole in the fuselage and the plane lost altitude, but Captain Yehuda Fuks managed to head the Boeing 707 back to Rome. Automatic sprinkler equipment doused the fire, and a few minutes later the plane landed safely with its 140 passengers.

The explosion was caused by a small time bomb hidden in a cassette player carried in the luggage compartment. The bomb had been timed to go off half an hour after takeoff, when the plane normally would have been flying in the rarefied atmosphere of 21,000 ft. The fact that the flight was 20 minutes late in leaving and had not attained its cruising altitude probably saved the passengers and crew; at a higher altitude sudden decompression might have caused the plane to disintegrate. Also, El Al's 707s have been equipped with reinforced cargo compartments.

Italian police traced the cassette player to two 18-year-old British girls, Ruth Watkin and Audrey Walton, who told a classic story of what not to do when in Rome. One afternoon shortly after they arrived, they said, they had been standing in the Piazza dei Cinquecento, when two young men struck up a conversation with them. The pair, Ahmed Zaid and Ziad Hashan, both in their 20s, spoke excellent English and offered to show the girls around.

For the next eleven days, said Ruth, "we lived like queens." The youths took them to "all the best restaurants and nightclubs." They went to the beach, where the girls took snapshots. Soon, Ruth and Audrey moved out of their pensione and into Zaid's apartment. There they spent a lot of time listening to pop music on the pink Philips cassette machine. The youths told the girls they were Iranians, then changed it to Pakistanis and finally to Indians. "We never did find out exactly where they came from," said Audrey. "The fact is we weren't asking too many questions."

One day Zaid and Hashan suggested that they all go to Israel. The youths bought four tickets on El Al's Flight LY-444, then said that they could not make it that day but the girls should go ahead, and they would all meet later.



AUDREY & RUTH AT PRESS CONFERENCE



HASHAN & ZAID AFTER CAPTURE
Too many trips to Yugoslavia.

As a "present and a pledge of friendship," they insisted that the girls take the cassette player, which meantime had been fitted with the bomb.

Hashan saw them to the airport, where the girls submitted to El Al's customarily tight security. Zaid and Hashan had told them not to declare the cassette as a gift because they would then have to pay a heavy tax. When security men asked them if they were carrying packages from or for anyone, the girls replied no. The cassette player was in a wicker basket, which El Al attendants would not allow in the cabin. But airline employees placed it in a cardboard box and sent it to the cargo compartment. That simple precaution probably prevented considerable bloodshed.

Italian police said that Zaid, because of frequent trips to Yugoslavia, was already being watched but apparently not closely enough. Shortly after a news bulletin on the explosion and the plane's safe return was broadcast, the pair fled the apartment. At week's end, after a citywide manhunt, the Arabs were picked up near the Via Veneto. They admitted all, said the police. "We never would have said they were terrorists," insisted Audrey. "They were extremely kind. They were full of money, and they never spoke of politics. We couldn't believe that two gentlemen so sweet, kind and elegant could have done such a thing." Added Ruth: "We gave them all our friendship and affection, and in exchange we could have died. Since last night we have lived in terror." Their fear did not prevent them from selling their story to newspapers and television—and making new plans. Ruth said that she still intended to use her air ticket to Tel Aviv, but Audrey demurred. Said she: "I never want to get on another airplane."

PEOPLE

Plagued by another abscess caused by his gunshot wounds last May, Alabama Governor **George C. Wallace** underwent surgery in a Birmingham hospital. Surgeons reported that the operation had been completed "without complications," that the Governor was fully awake and in good condition afterward, and that there was no reason to believe the bullets had created any spreading infection.

As if to prove that a handicap need not keep anyone out of action, **Ethel Kennedy** hobbled in on crutches—memento of a skiing accident five months ago—to watch 2,726 hopeful young competitors join in the National Special Olympics for retarded children in Los Angeles. Among the other onlookers was the games' founder, Eunice Kennedy Shriver, whose own sister Rosemary is re-

tarded. After appearances by Comedian **Jonathan Winters** and Actor **Lorne Greene**, the children raced, hurled softballs, tumbled on trampolines and shot basketballs. "We may not win," remarked one girl with the classic Olympic spirit, "but it's all right if we do our best."

Lady Chatterley's Lover is, as everyone knows, a novel about class conflicts between the aristocracy and its servants. In the course of writing it, however, **D.H. Lawrence** became preoccupied with certain delicate aspects of his subject, and by the time he finished his final draft, he had devoted so much attention to those aspects that no publisher in London wanted the honor of being prosecuted for the sale of pornography. Lawrence published the novel himself in 1928, and pirated editions soon swept the world, though it was not until 1959 that a copy could be sold legally in the U.S. Now, courtesy of Viking Press, Lawrence's American admirers will get a chance to read the saga of struggle, some 20,000 words longer than the familiar version, entitled *John Thomas and Lady Jane*. "It has a great deal more material of social interest," says Critic Malcolm Cowley, "more class feeling, and I think in some ways I like it better."

A Playboy Club-Hotel seemed an unlikely place for a singing apostle of the Jesus movement, but the club's managers were in an ecumenical mood, so there he was, **Pat Boone** himself, along with his wife and four daughters. "I couldn't disagree more with the Playboy philosophy," said Boone, "but if Playboy wants to pay us to come here and present our own philosophy, we'll come." To a bemused but not unappreciative crowd at the bunny burrow in McAfee, N.J., Boone and his family held forth with songs, jokes and gospel

tunes. Afterward, while the singer was sitting alone in the VIP Room with his daughters, one patron wandered up and asked, "What's your wife going to think about you sitting here with four bunnies?" Replied Boone: "They're not bunnies, ma'am, they're Boonies."

Crooner **Rudy Vallée**, 71, finally realized his heart's desire: to have a street named after him. The trouble was that the street he wanted his name on was the one that runs in front of his Hollywood home. He tried last year, but his neighbors on Pyramid Place made such a fuss that an embarrassed public works committee tabled the idea. In Lake Forest, Calif., some 360 miles from Hollywood, officials were more sympathetic to Rudy's ambition. So now Lake Forest has a street called Rue de Vallée. The location: a trailer park. Vallée was only moderately pleased by the honor. "I need that street about like I need another nose," he said. Then he added a four-letter expletive that one would never have expected to hear from Rudy Vallée.

With **Candace Messler Garrison**, *femme fatale* is not an idle phrase. After her first marriage ended in divorce, her second, to Millionaire **Jacques Messler**, ended in murder. Candy was acquitted of the deed, in a lurid trial featuring her affair with her young nephew and co-defendant, Mel Powers. Last week the butler found her third husband, an electrical contractor named Barnett Garrison, lying in a pool of blood outside Candy's Houston mansion. He had fallen off the third-floor roof some time during the night. With brain damage, a broken hip, broken ribs and a collapsed lung, Garrison was in no condition to explain what he was doing on the roof in the wee hours with a pistol, ammunition and over a thousand dollars in his pocket. Neither was Candy. She was locked up in her bedroom, having hysterics. Police said it was apparently all an accident—just one of those things.

ETHEL KENNEDY AT SPECIAL OLYMPICS



PAT BOONE & WIFE WITH BOONIES AT THE BUNNY BURROW



CANDY & BARNETT GARRISON





WHIPSLASH SCENE: A.B.A. PRESIDENT ROBERT MESERVE WITH CONVENTION STAR BOB HOPE

THE LAW

Panorama of Defects

The men who milled through the San Francisco Hilton lobby last week seemed prototypical affluent Americans. Lawyers in town for the American Bar Association's annual meeting—some 8,000 strong—they conventioned in a determinedly conventional fashion. Black ties came out for a dinner dance complete with Bob Hope ("This would be a great place to get whiplash"). Outtrusts hands took advantage of the boundless cordiality of Lewis Powell, former A.B.A. president, and clients might later be told, "I was chatting last summer with Justice Powell..."

All in all, it might have been a blissful, tax-deductible working vacation—if only so many of the speakers had not kept repeating that the legal profession is in a bit of a jam. Washington Attorney Charles Rhyne, also a former A.B.A. president, pronounced the meeting "a panorama of the defects and deficiencies in American justice."

Chief Justice Warren Burger opened the panorama with his now-annual "state of the judiciary" address and drew grunts of amazement as he reeled off figures on the "explosion of litigation" that is engulfing U.S. courts. In the Supreme Court, he reported, the same total of nine men who considered 2,400 cases in 1962 confronted more than 4,500 last year. Burger proposed, among other things, that all new laws opening new avenues of litigation carry a "court-impact statement," which would assess the increased judicial efforts required by the new legislation.

After that, lawyers trundling from session to session heard a dismal litany of problems ranging from continuing prejudice against women and blacks to the new right of indigents to get free

counsel for misdemeanor charges. The most widespread gloom at the meeting came from the constantly discussed threat of no-fault automobile-liability insurance (and the end of the billion-dollar collision litigation business). The A.B.A.'s House of Delegates staunchly reiterated its opposition to the basic idea but hopefully proposed a compromise: mandatory automobile liability insurance, which would pay up to \$2,000 to each individual covered, regardless of fault. It claimed this "would cover the total economic losses sustained by nearly 95% of traffic accident victims."

The likely loss of income to lawyers that no-fault insurance would cause, combined with competition from newly graduated lawyers (30,000 annually by 1974), gave added impetus to an idea that was thought heretical a few years ago: Blue Cross-style insurance plans covering the average citizen's legal costs, from a home purchase to a divorce. "The public interest, as well as the lawyer's pocketbook, is at stake," said new A.B.A. President Robert Meserve. "To put the matter bluntly, we need the business and the clients."

Who Rates Whom?

Appearing every year in five gigantic tan volumes of more than 3,000 pages each, and selling for a handsome price of \$85, the *Martindale-Hubbell Law Directory* is to the legal profession a combination of *Who's Who* and *Standard & Poor's*, with perhaps a touch of the *Social Register*. Since 1868, it has undertaken not only to list every member of the bar in the U.S. and Canada, but also to rate many of them from C to A (for "legal ability," based in part on years of practice), plus an occasional and mysterious V (for "very highly" recommended). In some cases it also pub-

lishes an attorney's "estimated worth" (from 7 for "under \$5,000" to 1 for "over \$100,000"), and tells whether he pays his bills promptly.

Not to be rated at all can be an aggravation, according to Israel Steingold, 68, a successful lawyer in Norfolk, Va., and long a leading member of the American Trial Lawyers Association. Not long ago, Steingold was grumbling to a friend that the lack of a rating had cost him a client, since people looking for out-of-town lawyers tend to check the entries in *Martindale-Hubbell*. Steingold was grumbling to the right man: Melvin Belli, free-swinging crusader against every variety of tort. Belli promptly filed a class-action suit against *Martindale-Hubbell* on behalf of Steingold and all other non-rated lawyers (a group that includes Belli himself). His demand: \$2,000,000.

"The money just makes it interesting," said Belli, "but I've been sore at *Martindale-Hubbell* for years." At the heart of Belli's charge is the question of how *Martindale-Hubbell* compiles its ratings. According to his complaint, the firm sends out confidential questionnaires from its headquarters in Summit, N.J., to already-rated attorneys in an applicant's area. Belli argues that this system creates "a self-perpetuating trust" that favors "a small, silk-stocking, knickerbocker, split-fee club of inept commercial lawyers," and discriminates against "far more capable young lawyers who are not yet involved with the Establishment." To support his contention, Belli cites the fact that although the A.B.A. canons of ethics forbid lawyers to advertise, the A.B.A. has permitted firms and individual lawyers to take ads in any approved law list; *Martindale-Hubbell* is the only such approved list that bestows ratings. All of this, says

LONDON DAILY EXPRESS-PICTORIAL PARADE



CHALLENGER MELVIN BELLİ WITH NEW WIFE
Money just makes it interesting.

THE LAW

Belli, violates antitrust rules and defames outsiders.

In Summit, *Martindale-Hubbell* answered questions about its methods with a discreet and noncommittal silence.

Where Is Arsenic Lilly?

Arsenic Lilly—to use the name by which some doctors call her—is an attractive, dark-haired woman in her middle 30s. She has a fatal way with men.

In October of 1968, her husband was admitted to the University of Virginia Hospital in Charlottesville for treatment of internal pains. After four days—with Lilly in faithful attendance at his bedside—he died. An autopsy showed acute gastric ulcers and hemorrhaging of internal organs.

Not long afterward, Lilly moved in with a carpenter, who also developed gastric problems and entered the same hospital. With Lilly once again in attendance, he finally grew so sick that all visitors were barred—whereupon he began improving. The doctors ran a battery of tests and discovered signs of arsenic, which, when administered in small doses over a period of time, produces symptoms that can easily be mistaken for those of other ailments. Some of the organs from Lilly's late husband were re-examined, and they also showed large amounts of the poison.

The police questioned Lilly with the aid of a lie detector. She calmly denied everything and passed the test. Since there was insufficient evidence to hold her, she was allowed to go her way.

Lilly next took up housekeeping for a 78-year-old retired real estate developer, and predictably enough he was brought to University Hospital last December with nausea, vomiting and a burning sensation in his hands. Lilly loyally visited the bedside, but a doctor involved in the earlier cases happened to spot her. She was dissuaded from further visits, and her employer recovered. Again police could find no evidence to prove that Lilly had ever bought or administered arsenic, so they brought no charges. Says a police lieutenant who investigated Lilly: "All we had was hearsay and circumstantial evidence."

With the law apparently helpless, Dr. Lever Stewart and three colleagues decided to write up the case in the *Virginia Medical Monthly*, to warn other physicians in the area to be on the lookout for arsenic poisoning. "She's a grade-A psychopath," says Dr. Stewart. Passing the lie detector test was no problem for her, "because to her it would mean nothing to lie."

At last report, Lilly was somewhere near West Palm Beach, Fla., using an alias and working as a housekeeper for a rich retired couple. The Public Health Service has alerted state police and health authorities. "Looking at the evidence," says Dr. Stewart, "there's no doubt in my mind that she killed her husband and tried the same thing with the other men. And she'll try it again."

BEHAVIOR

Addicts at Work

Plant manager, college registrar, pharmacy clerk, teletype operator, postal worker, security officer and steel mill worker. These are but a handful of some 60 types of jobs held by 95 New York City drug users who cooperated anonymously in a recent study of addicts at work. Their revelations confirm in detail what other studies have suggested: addicts on the payroll bring financial loss and widespread criminality to U.S. business and industry.

Of the 95 subjects interviewed by

rush of euphoria undisturbed. This might last up to 20 minutes. They were careful to shoot only enough heroin to prevent withdrawal symptoms, not enough to get conspicuously high. If one began to nod, he moved around quickly to hide his drowsiness. If he was questioned about odd behavior, the favorite excuse was fatigue from lack of sleep caused by family problems. Older addicts also used the excuse of a hangover from drinking: most employers and supervisors apparently can empathize with this condition and find it socially acceptable. On this ground, said



PSYCHOLOGIST LEVY (LEFT) WITH EX-ADDICT EMPLOYEES IN PLANNING SESSION
A high degree of ignorance on the part of employers.

the Manhattan-based Training for Living Institute,* 87 had been on heroin. Three-fourths were male, half were black, one-fourth white, one-fourth Puerto Rican. Most had incomes in the \$5,000 to \$10,000 range. Among the 91 who had taken drugs during working hours, 48 had also sold them to other employees, 37 had stolen goods to sell on the outside, and 28 had stolen cash or checks. One man had forged and cashed an entire payroll. Although the average age of the subjects was only 23, they had already been on drugs for about six years. Says Psychologist Stephen Levy, T.F.L.'s research director: "It appears that more and more drug abusers are coming into the work force from high schools and colleges where they have been exposed to and participated in the academic drug scene."

The most remarkable revelation of the study is the ease with which addicts deceived their employers. They usually injected their heroin in the men's room, where they could experience the initial

one addict, his boss often sent him home to rest.

Although 28 of the addicts had eventually been fired, not one employer gave drug abuse as the cause of dismissal. To Psychologist Levy, this indicates "a high degree of ignorance on the part of employers and supervisors about drug abuse on the work premises, an unwillingness to face up to the problem, or a combination of both."

Don't Set a Thief to . . .

When three new patrolmen were hired in a Chicago suburb, the police chief had an uneasy feeling that there was something wrong with one of them. So he sent all three for evaluation to a private firm called Government Personnel Consultants in Oak Brook, Ill., where they were gone over by a psychologist and a lie-detector specialist. The chief's instincts were correct. The man whom he had suspected confessed that only a week before he was hired he had committed rape. The case was on the town's list of unsolved crimes.

On another occasion, G.P.C.'s psy-

*A private, nonprofit organization that teaches the skills of drug prevention and treatment to professionals and laymen.

chologist Alan Strand and polygraphist Robert Cormack delved into the character and past of a suburban fireman who had been on the force for several years. He now wanted to transfer to the fire department in another town. They learned that he was an arsonist who had already set several fires.

This month Strand and Cormack interviewed a man of 22, a candidate for a police force, who admitted to robbery, selling narcotics, shoplifting, vandalism and regular use of marijuana and pep pills. Asked, "How would you rate yourself in terms of honesty?" he replied, "Above average," and commented: "I get self-satisfaction when I'm being honest."

Sour Cream. These cases are typical of the 10% to 15% who are outright criminals among the 5,000 applicants for police and fire work interviewed in five years by G.P.C. Those percentages seem remarkably high, but even more startling. Strand and Cormack have found that almost 50% of the applicants they screen are psychologically unsuited for the jobs they seek. Analysis of 400 candidates recently rejected by the consultants showed that about 25% were turned down for emotional immaturity, almost as many for general instability, almost 20% as thrill seekers, and 9% for tendencies toward brutality. Virtually all these men had already gone through written and oral tests and supposedly thorough background checks before they got to G.P.C., and were about to be hired. Says Strand sardonically: "We get only the cream of the crop"—and two-thirds of it is sour.

The contrast between these men and the Norman Rockwell stereotype of the burly, friendly cop on the corner is partly explained by both economic and so-

cial factors. A policeman's job used to carry relatively high status and pay for working-class people. This is no longer so true. Among the unsuitable applicants seeking to fill the ranks are men whose ambition it is to enforce rigid law and order with gun or nightstick. And some men with a criminal bent figure that the safest place from which to operate—whether as burglars, child molesters or firebugs—is from the sanctuary of a protective force.

Frank Answer. A candidate's day at G.P.C. begins with interviews on general background, which are designed also to get information about trustworthiness. Strand and Cormack have recently added the Dektor Psychological Stress Evaluator (TIME, June 19) to their battery of tests. The day ends with a polygraph session. "After this," says Strand, "they feel that they've been through the mill."

Used separately, Strand and Cormack agree, either psychological or polygraphic testing is only 60% to 65% accurate; but the two combined score about 95%. The lie-detector test at the end of the evaluation is seen as a threat, and encourages applicants to tell the truth in the written examinations; the psychologist's oral probing reveals sensitive spots on which Polygraphist Cormack can concentrate. Significantly, most police departments use only one of the methods in their own screening.

"The thing we're most concerned about is brutality," says Strand. "What's this person going to do when he has a gun and a big car?" One sheriff's policeman in a northern Chicago suburb, seeking a transfer, supplied a frank—though hardly typical—answer. He would take a suspect for a drive in his unmarked car and demand a full confession. If the confession was not forthcoming, he said, he would push the suspect out of the car and report that he had tried to escape from custody—at 80 m.p.h. When the candidate admitted to the consultants that on at least one occasion he had carried out his threat, G.P.C. abruptly ended the interview. The policeman did not get the transfer, but managed to keep his old job.

Genes and Depression

Manic-depressive illness, or psychosis, is one of the most common and clearly defined, yet one of the most baffling of emotional disorders. The victim may seem normal for months, then enter a period of mania in which, as one imaginative psychiatrist described it, he "comes in swinging from chandeliers that aren't there." Back to normal for a while, he may next become depressed, sometimes suicidally.

Psychiatrists have argued for generations about the cause of manic-depressive illness, although it is known to run in families. Is it "functional," meaning that it is acquired as the result of life experiences, or is it "organic," involving some abnormality in

STYLING: THE NEW YORK TIMES



FIEVE WITH PATIENTS' FAMILY CHARTS
Along with color blindness.

the body's biochemistry? Last week, at a conference in Copenhagen, a New York City team of researchers suggested that a tendency or predisposition to manic-depressive illness might be deeply rooted indeed: in the genes that determine heredity.

The suspected villain is the female or X chromosome, which carries hundreds of genetic instructions to offspring of both sexes. Three years ago, investigators at Barnes Hospital in St. Louis reported "presumptive evidence" that an anomalous gene on the X chromosome is associated with the emotional disorder. The new and more definite evidence comes from Dr. Ronald R. Fieve and colleagues at the Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center.

The evidence is admittedly indirect. The Columbia researchers studied 19 manic-depressive patients. In the families of seven there was red-green color blindness, which is known to result from a defective gene on the X chromosome. The other twelve families displayed the blood-group pattern known as Xg^a, also transmitted on the X chromosome. The Mendelian pattern of inheritance for both these traits is known. Manic-depressive illness is associated with them, says Fieve. So the disorder is probably—in some cases, at least—transmitted by a nearby defective gene.

Fieve does not claim that his hypothesis accounts for all manic-depressive illness, or that all people with the abnormal gene will develop the emotional disorder in severe form. But with the refinement of testing for abnormal genes, it may eventually be possible to detect early in life those individuals in greatest danger of developing the illness, and thus to treat them earlier and more effectively.



CORMACK GIVING LIE-DETECTOR TEST
Concerned about brutality.

Summer Gamesmanship

AVOIDANCE

With the exception of the common mosquito (*Culex vulgaris*), no warm-weather animal is as relentless as the Late-Summer Athlete (*Hospes strenuous*). As the calendar winds down to Labor Day, he (or she) coaxes colleagues away from a leisurely meal, hauls them up from blankets in the sun and hammocks in the shade—all in the name of Sport. For the victim, no pest coil or 90-day collar will serve as repellent. No, the only proven method of defense is Summer Gamesmanship.

CHESSMANSHIP. The late Stephen Potter, Field Marshal of Gamesmanship, conceived this classic chess play before Bobby Fischer pushed his first pawn. Challenged, the Summer Gamesman makes three random moves and resigns.

Summer Gamesman: You're bound to take my bishop after 16 moves, unless . . . unless . . . And even then I lose my castle three moves later.

Opponent: Oh, yes.

S.G.: Unless you sacrifice there, which, of course, you wouldn't.

Opponent: No.

S.G.: Pretty situation. Very pretty situation. Do you mind if I take a note of it? *The Chess News* usually publishes any stuff I send them.

So much for Potter. But with his death in 1969 it became necessary for disciples to develop Gamesmanship II.

Resignmanship, of course, requires only the barest familiarity with the game. Those with some chess skills may prefer the Stertorous opening, said to have been used by Shakespeare:

... And with a little pin
Bores through his castle wall, and
farewell King!
—Richard II; Act III, Scene 2

The Summer Gamesman moves, then closes his eyes sagely. A light but

perceptible snore begins deep in his throat. The Gamesman "awakes" with a start and says: "Your move, isn't it?" This gambit is as variable as the game itself. It forces the Opponent to rush his moves and generally collapses his attack before the middle game.

GUESTMANSHIP. Debuting guests of an athletic Host can be unbothered through Sept. 21 by using variations of the Substitute-Weapon Play. If the Host lives near a golf course, the Guest arrives sporting a vigorous smile—and a tennis racket. If the Host has his own ostentatiously tended tennis court, the Guest arrives with a vigorous smile and an archery set. Note: exuberance is as important as the Substitute Weapon. This July, armed with the proper smile, a nonswimmer was able to approach the edge of his Host's pool carrying a *howling ball*. His words "but I thought you said . . ." have been adopted as the Official Excuse.

HOSTMANSHIP. On the floor of the guest-room closet, the Host secretes a corrugated cardboard box full of ancient trophies, medals and ribbons, purchased at local antique emporiums. The awards—the more tarnished the better—may be for local arrangements or American Legion conventions; none needs have the Host's name on it. As he shows the Guest around, the Summer Gamesman opens the closet door.

S.G.: Just put your things here—oops! (Swiftly spirits away open box.)

Opponent: Are those yours?

S.G.: Ancient history. Before I broke my patella. I . . . I thought you knew.

PARTICIPATION

The foregoing presupposes a pervasive sloth, a dedication to slumber and clear fluids of 80 proof and above. But there are those Summer Gamesmen

who look to late summer as Jim Ryun does to Munich. Here, avoidance is worthless, and winning, as Vince Lombardi noted, is not everything—it is the only thing.

GOLF. As his opponent begins his backswing, the S.G. stealthily produces an 8-mm. camera and starts the whir of the machine. (The camera should be empty; actual film is bad form.)

Opponent: What . . . ?

S.G. (with warmth): Do you mind if I . . . I've never seen an amateur's swing so . . . I don't know . . . so articulated.

Either way, the Opponent, unglued by self-consciousness, should begin to slice by the fifth hole. Playing in a foursome demands a somewhat subtler technique. The S.G. immediately cultivates a friendship with the Opponent's partner (a flirtation, if the partner is of the correct sex). Once the Opp makes a bad shot, the S.G. exchanges a sympathetic glance with the Opp's partner. This should be accompanied by a sympathetic shrug or the whistling of two notes:



SWIMMING. The aggressive player is marked on form and on mastery of the new strokes. Robert Benchley recommends two distinct styles:

"The Navajo Twist: Rotate the entire body like a bobbin on the surface of the water, with elbows and knees bent. Spit while the mouth is on the upside. Inhale when it is under. This doesn't get you much of anywhere, but it irritates the other swimmers and makes it difficult for them to swim." And:

"The Lighthouse Churn: Just stand still, in water about up to your waist, and beat at the surface with your fists, snorting and spitting at the same time. This does nothing but make you conspicuous but, after all, what is modern swimming for?"

TENNIS (CLOTHESMANSHIP). Remember, Hercules was undone when he put on the fatal shirt of Nessus the Centaur—a brilliant case of halfmanship. The S.G. must continually keep in mind the axiom "If you can't volley, wear velvet socks." Thus, if the Opp is dressed in the customary white shorts, shirt, sneakers, etc., the S.G. should appear in old suit pants (preferably pleated and cuffed), a button-down shirt and rubber-soled black loafers. Conversely, if the Opp appears in unusual attire, the S.G. must spring onto the court in an outfit that would shame Arthur Ashe. The announcement "Tennis is like opera; if



MICHAEL C. WITTE FOR TIME

Avoidmanship: The Substitute-Weapon Play.



Winmanship: The Whirring-Camera Gambit.

you don't dress for it, it lacks Occasion" is mandatory.

SERVEMANSHIP. The S.G. concentrates on defense, recalling the words of the Bard:

*'Tis mad idolatry
To make the service greater than
the god.*

—Troilus and Cressida
Act II, Scene 2

On the Opp's serve, the S.G. looks at his own left forearm. If the serve is "in," the S.G. slaps his forearm muttering "Damn gnats." (If the Opponent should serve "out," the correct reply is "Out.")

VOLLEYMANSHIP. After winning a vigorous volley, the S.G. should come up to the net and shout *encouragement* to the Opp. "It's just a game, Fred," said with a deprecatory little nod, can work wonders, especially if the Opp is named Fred. When the Opp wins a difficult volley, the S.G. quickly produces and swallows the jellybeans. "Ragweed allergy" is the S.G.'s terse explanation. "Doctors [note plural] say I ought to lie down until it passes." The S.G. then returns to the baseline muttering "Bunch of quacks" and sneezing violently.

WINMANSHIP. Upon winning the game, the S.G. thanks his opponent for

"the workout," which has put him in shape for the Manitou Open. (There is no Manitou Open.)

LOSEMANSHIP. Upon a loss, the S.G. limps to the net and says "Twisted it in the first game." He then laments that now he will not be able to make the Manitou Open.

TWO EFFECTIVE EMERGENCY MEASURES. For all group sports involving a ball, the Summer Gamesman may wish to use the Shakespearian False Contusion. Standing ten feet away from an opposing player, the S.G. asks to see the ball. When the ball is tossed, he follows the instructions of the Bard:

*This pitch, as ancient writers
do report, doth defile;
so doth the company thou keepest.*

—Henry IV, Part I;
Act II, Scene 4

In other words, the S.G. reaches out—and drops the ball, shaking the fourth finger violently.

Opponent: What's the matter?

S.G. (in an accusatory tone): Nothing. It's just [examining finger] going to wreak hell with my Goldberg variations.

The fact that Goldberg's is a delicatessen and the variations are on a salami-and-cheese sandwich is irrelevant. Thereafter, when the S.G. makes a passable play, he mutters, "Pretty good for a harpsichordist."

Or the S.G. may employ the Caloric Intake Ploy: Several hours a day (where possible, before game time), the S.G. remarks that the Opp seems to have gained a little weight since last seen. If he (or she) has never been seen before, remark on the startling resemblance between the silhouette of the Opp and the young Kate Smith or Jackie Gleason. The Opp will immediately begin dieting and by mid-afternoon will be dizzy and perhaps even faint during the game.

There are, naturally, the thousand maneuvers and gambits available to the Summer Gamesman, but Labor Day looms and, as Shakespeare has it:

*If all the year were
playing holidays.*

*To sport would be as
tedious as to work.*

—Henry IV, Part I;
Act I, Scene 2

Besides, come autumn, there is One-Upmanship, Lifemanship, Winmanship, Businessmanship and Woomanship. And there is always Bardmanship. For quotesmen this is the week to get in shape for the Manitou Open.

■ Stefan Kanfer

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THE PRESS

Hefner's Grandchild

Playboy, like the studs it celebrates, seems ever in its prime. Hugh Hefner's middlebrow mélange of sex, pop sociology and fiction now sells nearly 7,000,000 copies a month, and sets new records for advertising revenue with almost every issue. This summer it spawned a German-language edition that is selling well. And yet...

There seems to be an impression abroad that the magazine, like a jaded gigolo, has run out of new techniques

tal. While *Playboy* is male-oriented, *Oui* is supposed to speak to both sexes. European stringers and photographers are contributing news and nudes from the Continent. As one of two co-editors, Hefner hired Jean-Louis Ginière, 38, from *Lui*, France's own answer to *Playboy*. The other co-editor is Jon Carroll, 28, a long-haired, full-bearded alumnus of *Rolling Stone* and former editor of the now defunct counterculture magazine *Rags*. "We will not be as polished as *Playboy*," Carroll promised. "Certainly there will be male nudity. We will

want to turn on women as well as men. One of our central goals is to help facilitate communication between the sexes. We will have more units of eroticism than *Playboy* does—more pubic hair, or whatever the measure of eroticism is. We will see if we can make a magazine erotic without being exploitive."

Oui's first issue does not succeed on that score. The centerfold is non-sexist in showing a man and woman in bed, but it is actually a copout; while she is fully exposed in strong light, he is in shadows and coyly covered with a sheet. *Oui's* first effort is obviously for the boys. The graphics are good and reminiscent of *Playboy*, the nudes largely European and evocative of *Penthouse*. There are features on French wines and women, fashions in leather and rough-country motorbiking. The oddest item is a gross featurette that shows animals copulating. Overall, the first issue seems a bit sophomoric in its straining for sensuality.

Unlike *Playboy*, *Oui* will concentrate on young writers rather than big names. While *Oui* goes its less than weighty way, *Playboy* is undergoing some subtle changes, becoming both sexier and more serious. Its new executive editor, up from the ranks, is Arthur Kretschmer, 31. Though only three years older than Carroll, Kretschmer seems of another generation—lithe, clean-shaven and as elegantly tailored as the men in the *Playboy* clothing ads. "The magazine has grown up," said he. "We have a serious concern for the way the country is going, and a concern that we also entertain ourselves." Thus *Playboy's* August issue contains an uninhibited color act on the joys of sexual intercourse, and September's features a long section on the drug problem.

Hugh Hefner, now 46 and the boss of a pleasure-products empire that has made him a millionaire 120 times over, sees both *Oui* and the changes in *Playboy* as logical evolution: "Some of *Playboy's* strengths are also its weaknesses. Almost 20 years have gone by since we

started *Playboy*. In that time, society has drastically changed—and continues to change. *Playboy* reflected something of that society and its stereotype of the male-female relationship. *Oui* won't be locked into those previous stereotypes."

Exit the Ombudsman

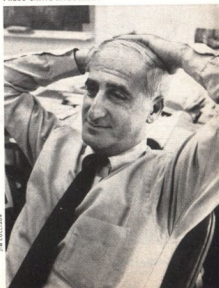
The Washington *Post*, wrote Ben Bagdikian in a 1967 *Columbia Journalism Review* article, was then "within a lunge of greatness." Bagdikian, an unrelenting liberal and one of the country's most thoughtful press critics, believed that the *Post*, among other faults, too often let its own liberal view color its news coverage.

Impressed, *Post* Publisher Katharine Graham wrote him a fan letter. Later the paper offered him a senior job. He rushed through a media-research program he had been doing in California and came back east in 1970, first as the paper's assistant managing editor for national affairs and then, for the past year, as its "ombudsman." The latter assignment gave him a mandate to criticize—in print—the *Post's* performance. Last week Bagdikian, 52, abruptly resigned. *Post* management, he concluded, could not take the medicine it had asked him to administer.

The first serious incident occurred last March, when *Post* executives gritted their teeth and published a long piece by Bagdikian sympathizing with charges by black staffers that the *Post* discriminated against them (TIME, April 10). The next month Bagdikian took part in a symposium in which he defended the *Post* against accusations of racist coverage. But he also suggested that economic boycotts were the most effective way of influencing newspapers. *Post* Executive Editor Benjamin Bradlee interpreted this as disloyalty, demanded Bagdikian's resignation, then tore it up after regaining his calm.

As Bagdikian saw it, things were never the same afterward. Some of

PRESS CRITIC BAGDIKIAN



CO-EDITOR CARROLL & COVER OF "OUI'S" FIRST ISSUE
More units of eroticism without exploitation.

that titillate. Even Richard Koff, assistant publisher of *Playboy* Enterprises, Inc., allows that "while *Playboy* still remains remarkably youthful, it has become sort of an institution." A new generation of readers has come along to whom *Playboy* seems neither revolutionary nor even risqué. *Penthouse*, begun in Britain, is an earthy and unabashed imitator with a European accent that has more than doubled its U.S. circulation to 2,000,000 in the past year. *Penthouse* Pets obviously glory in showing off their buxom bodies, moles and all, while *Playboy's* Playmates seem unreal, plasticized and antiseptic. *Penthouse* is pitched more heavily to the young, while one-third of *Playboy's* readership is now over 35.

How to keep the kids? Hefner thinks that he knows. Enter, early in September, the first issue of his now, new monthly *Oui*. "We have a *Playboy* philosophy," Hefner told TIME Correspondent Burton Pines, "but I don't expect that there will be a *Oui* philosophy. *Oui* will concentrate on the joy of living, while *Playboy* concentrates a tremendous amount of space on social problems... *Playboy* is still me, but *Oui* not so much. In a way *Playboy* was my son, but *Oui* is a grandchild."

The distinction in gender between "son" and "grandchild" is not acciden-



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his critical articles were spiked. This month, however, the *Post* published his story scalding the paper for running a picture that seemed to support charges that the U.S. was bombing dikes in North Viet Nam. The photo was five years old, a fact that the *Post* conceded a day later in a correction. Bagdikian felt less welcome than ever after that.

When asked why Bagdikian was leaving, Bradlee replied, "Ask him. I don't honestly know. It sounds crazy." The parting seemed both sad and ironic. The *Post* is more willing than most publications to confess its sins, and Bradlee is seeking another ombudsman. Bagdikian concedes the *Post's* relative virtue, but told TIME: "There's a feeling here that I should be loyal to the management. When they first put me in this job, they assured me that my first loyalty would be to the readers." By returning to free-lance criticism, he will now have the full freedom that he craves. Doubtless he will write about the *Post* in the future; he still thinks it "not yet a great paper." Only three are great in Bagdikian's book, each in its own way: the *New York Times*, the *Berkshire Eagle* and *Le Monde*.

Second Sacking

Robert Patterson has always been a reporter of some mystery. In his first stint on the San Francisco *Examiner*, he wrote a successful column under the pseudonym of Freddie Francisco. Trouble was, his record of past convictions (theft, attempted forgery) came to light, and the elder William Randolph Hearst fired him in 1949. Patterson drifted into ghostwriting and two more prison terms (bad checks, forgery) before the *Examiner* took him back in 1965. Now 65, he is unemployed again because of a trip to China that possibly never took place.

Patterson covered China in the 1930s. Last spring, from Hong Kong, he ostensibly entered the People's Republic and produced a five-part series that the paper front-paged. But did Patterson actually visit China this year? Paul Avery, a reporter at the rival *Chronicle*, heard a rumor to the contrary. He read the Patterson articles closely and concluded that they contained no details that had not been reported earlier by others. Checking with several sources, Avery could find no record of Patterson's entry into China. Word of Avery's digging got back to *Examiner* Editor Ed Dooley, who confronted Patterson. When he could not prove that he had been to China, the paper ran a Page One box that disavowed his articles and announced his dismissal.

Last week Patterson said that he will make no effort to clear his name. But for the record, the old mystery man has amended his story: he did not get into China legally, as he originally reported, but rather smuggled himself in, spy-style, via Macao.

Hip Harpsichordist

Twenty minutes of Bach's *French Overture* on the harpsichord. A pair of Bach sonatas with harpsichord accompaniment. Some Mozart and some more Bach, this time grumbled out on a pipe organ. Such a program has always had its place in concert life, if only as a vaguely ennobling form of musical anesthesia. But if anyone had suggested it to an impresario, he would have been shown, with gentle pity, to the street.

That was before Anthony Newman came along. Last week, with just that program, Harpsichordist-Organist Newman not only sold out Manhattan's 2,836-seat Philharmonic Hall to a mostly young, blue-jeaned audience, but after nearly three hours, had them cheering for more. After Newman played Bach's *Fantasia and Fugue in G Minor* on the pedal harpsichord, he trotted onstage for a curtain call, shoulders hunched in a simian crouch, folded his hands in a Zen gesture of thanks. Grabbing his score from the harpsichord, he waved it over his head, signaled for quiet and asked, "How'd you like to hear the same piece on the organ?" When the audience roared, he clambered up to the organ and obliged. After his final scheduled piece, Newman announced, "We have to get out at 10:50. Those of you who want to stay, I'll play Bach's *Klavierübung* until then." As an afterthought he added, "Come on down front so you'll be nearer the music." Hundreds did, sitting in front of the stage and in the aisles while Newman's hands and feet flew over his instrument's quadruple keyboard and pedals.

Roman Candles. At 31, Newman has emerged as high priest of the harpsichord, a turtle-necked Bachian missionary not seen since the days of the late Wanda Landowska and Albert Schweitzer. Like Landowska, he plays with enormous verve and intense rhythm, sprinkling musical embellishments like roman candles being tossed from an express train. This startles those who learned their Bach straight, but Newman conquers the doubters with sheer personal conviction. There is something reminiscent of Schweitzer in the way Newman's intellectual and religious philosophy, Zen, permeates his music making and mesmerizes his youthful audiences. Even on the shrill organ at Philharmonic Hall, which at top volume sounds for all the world like a herd of angry Buicks, Newman is enormously compelling.

Born in Los Angeles, Newman had a lawyer father and a mother who played the piano for enjoyment. At five, he says, "Bach just wildly turned me on." As soon as his legs could reach the pedals, he took up the organ. After graduating from high school he studied in



NEWMAN REHEARSING IN MANHATTAN
From a whisper to a murmur.

Paris with Nadia Boulanger and Alfred Cortot. A year later he went to New York for piano studies with Edith Oppens, later won first prize for a solo organ piece in the Nice International Composition Competition, an M.A. in composition from Harvard and a doctorate from Boston University. Still, it was his gifts as a performer that earned him a Columbia Records contract in 1967 and dazzled the New York critics at a recital in 1971 (wrote the *Times*: "A keyboard technician of staggering facility, on the scale of Horowitz").

Much as he loves the harpsichord, Newman became frustrated by the failure of its quaint, rather tinkly sound to fill up big concert halls. "It's like listening to someone whisper for a long time," he complained. "After a while, you stop listening." The solution: amplification so subtle as to be virtually undetectable, but it does raise the instrument from a whisper to, say, a murmur.

With a wife, three children, a teaching schedule, recitals and a growing number of recordings, Newman finds little time to practice. No matter. With his facility, he can think about other things besides keyboard problems. Astrology, for example: Newman casts his own horoscope, usually refuses to perform, record or even sign contracts unless the planets are properly positioned. Or communication, his prime concern: "At a rock concert the guy walks out, and the kids are already yelling, participating," he says. "If they like it, they stand up and scream. In Beethoven's time they did the same thing. Where would that happen today?" That's easy—at an Anthony Newman concert.

SHOW BUSINESS & TV

Springtime for Hitler

It may all be Zero Mostel's fault. In the 1968 film *The Producers*, he played a zany impresario dedicated to staging a Broadway musical called *Springtime for Hitler*, a roccoco recounting of the good old days in the Thousand Year Reich. Against all expectations, Mostel's musical was a smash—which turns out to have been prophetic. In the entertainment world nowadays, Hitler's springtime does indeed seem to have arrived.

In London, the cameras are turning on Hitler—*The Last Ten Days*, and Sir Alec Guinness, complete with toothbrush mustache and special black hair piece, is playing the Führer. A spoof on Hitler's return, starring Peter Sel-



GUINNESS IN FÜHRERBUNKER
Not too much snarling.

lers, goes into production next year. Also scheduled is a film based on *Inside the Third Reich*, the autobiography of Albert Speer, Hitler's chief architect. Then there are the Hitler books, at least eight published so far this year in the U.S. British television in recent months has unreelied three major reports on the Nazi era, and Carl Foreman is sketching in the details of a 26-installment BBC series on Hitler.

The plot of the Sellers movie involves a campaign by *The Phantom*—yes, the comic-strip hero—to extract the 90-year-old Hitler (played by Sellers) from the jungles of South America and bring him to justice. The climax: Adolf's appearance at London's Royal Albert Hall. The Speer bearers will be more sober. Sandy Lieberson, a partner in the film rights to the book, says that while Hitler will figure in their movie, they will eschew a name actor for the

role in order to avoid critical comparisons between their Hitler and that of Sir Alec.

Guinness has worked hard on Hitlerian mannerisms: the walk, the deep, throaty voice, the oddly limp salute. He has studied newsreels, books and photographs, even interviewed a survivor of those last days in the bunker. At that time, says Guinness, "Hitler was almost senile; at the age of 56, he was 70. He took pep pills, and at times he would have fits. I try to convey that comic side. You know, he could be extremely childlike as well as childish."

Guinness's script was written by Italian Screenwriter-Director Ennio de Concini, Maria Pia Fusco, and Austrian Producer Wolfgang Reinhardt, son of famed Director Max Reinhardt. In persuading Guinness to take the part, De Concini recalls, "I told him I saw the last days in the bunker like floating into nowhere in a first-class jumbo jet. You go into unreality, between life and death—*der Führer* crying, Eva Braun dancing to *Tea for Two*, the Nazi empire falling into destruction. I wanted to film all this in the manner of an 8-mm. movie."

Almost the only set for the movie is a replica of the *Führerbunker*, complete with German magazines of the period and other authentic memorabilia. Through it drift re-creations of the familiar faces of three decades ago: Braun, Martin Bormann, Joseph Goebbels and Alfred Jodl. In his scenes, Guinness strives for a balance between evil and humanity. "Once you start playing a person, it becomes unbelievable if you have him snarling all the time," he says. "I try to indicate a certain sympathy—the sympathy I have for a childish murderer like Macbeth."

Why the resurgence of interest in Hitler? The relative remoteness of the Hitler era, especially to the younger generation; the widespread fascination with violence and the banality of evil—these would seem to be among the contributing factors. Guinness feels the condition of contemporary society may be part of it too. Says he: "The situation in England—strikes every week, a decadent, yes decadent life, all these depressing things. People say, why not get someone else to sort it all out for them. In situations like this, it is always possible for a strong man to appear and be welcomed by so many people."

In Search of Frenzy

During his Army physical, a psychiatrist inquired: "Do you think you can kill?"

"I don't know about strangers," replied the draftee. "But friends, yes."

For more than four decades, Oscar Levant slew his friends—with insults,



LEVANT AT HOME IN BEVERLY HILLS
Lap dog with rabies.

wisecracks and backchat. When he died at 65 last week, Levant had become a Hollywood legend: the Oscar that no one could win.

It was an image that Levant nurtured like a hothouse nightshade. The son of a Pittsburgh jeweler, he dropped out of high school at 15 to seek a concert pianist's career in New York. He caromed from dance bands to luncheon orchestras, waiting for his big break. Whenever opportunity knocked, Levant immediately bit its hand. Upon greeting George Gershwin, for example, Oscar went Wilde: "George, if you had it to do all over again, would you fall in love with yourself?"

The composer laughed off the insult—possibly because he saw worship in the puffy face of the speaker. Levant soon became a freeloading guest of George and Ira Gershwin until Leonore, Ira's wife, ordered him out of the house. Levant rose, paused, then sat down. "I'm not going," he told Leonore. "Why?" "Because," he mourned, "I have no place to go." Oscar stayed another two years.

Eventually he found another place: George S. Kaufman's. Mrs. Kaufman finally hinted: "I thought the servants were beginning to look at you peculiarly, and I know you haven't any money, so I gave them \$5 and said it was from you." Oscar exploded: "\$5! You should have given them \$10. Now they'll say I'm stingy."

It was a symbiotic relationship: Oscar and his hosts dined out on remarks like that. Levant swiftly became a fixture at Beverly Hills parties: the lap dog with rabies. Though he continued to play and compose (the once studied with Arnold Schönberg), Levant's musicianship was never taken very seriously—except, of course, by Oscar. His classical composition had a sweet, derivative aura, reminiscent of movie

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scores. (He wrote several, including a mini-opera for *Charlie Chan at the Opera*.) His pianistic enthusiasm was showy but, except for Gershwin's music, Levant tended to pound the instrument like the back of an old crony.

Indeed, his concerts were less appreciated by critics than by hoods. Mobster Frank Costello was one of his biggest fans. In New York's Lewisohn Stadium, Levant annually played Gershwin to a bench of discriminating cauliflower ears.

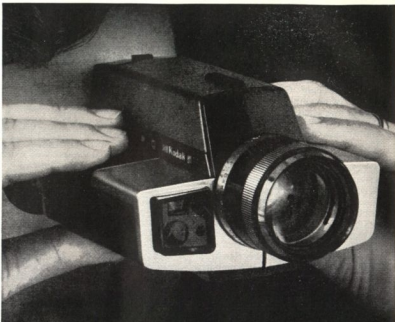
But as the Don Quixote of insult comics, Levant was unexcelled. He became a regular on the radio panel *Information Please*, where his cranky voice identified almost any piece of music after one bar. His sallow, discontented expression became familiar to audiences when he appeared in a series of films. The movies varied from *An American in Paris* through *Humoresque* to the Gershwin bio *Rhapsody in Blue*, in which he played himself. In a sense, that was his perpetual role: the man whose pan was not dead but dying—of pain distinctly complicated by ennui. It was a role that he later expanded in three autobiographies and a series of TV talk shows with his long-suffering second wife, June.

The galvanic twitches, the hand reaching for the heart, the chain-smoking, the downing of quarts of coffee—all the Levantine habits went public. He became to mental illness what Segovia is to the guitar. In clinical detail, Oscar replayed his repertoire of classical and flamenco hypochondria, apostrophized his nervous collapses ("chaos in search of frenzy") and multiple devotions to paraldehyde, Dextedrine, Thorazine, Demerol, Benadryl and insulin. Before he disappeared into a series of sanatoriums, he turned out a catalogue of malice.

Leonard Bernstein, he said, "uses music as an accompaniment to his conducting." Also: "We have seen the era of the common man; Nixon represents the age of the commonplace man." Proposing a movie based on his own life, Levant mentally cast Rosalind Russell in the title role, then decided that she was too masculine. But far too many of his remarks were self-loathing turned outward. As he once half-joked, "Ralph Edwards wanted me to be on his program, *This Is Your Life*, but he couldn't find one friend."

In the end, that estimate was a bit short. As a performer Levant had made millions of friends—because audiences were too remote to put down. And because behind the gargoyle there always seemed a tortured and sympathetic soul. It takes little psychoanalytic skill to understand why Levant was so fond of recalling his argument with Toscanini. The maestro differed with him over the interpretation of the *Concerto in F*. "But Mr. Gershwin wanted it this way," protested Levant.

"That poor boy," replied Toscanini. "He was a sick."



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EDUCATION

Colleges Without Walls

With four children and no college degree, Richard Cardinal saw little chance of escaping from the Ford assembly line where he had started working in 1955. "I had always wanted to study," says the burly ex-union official, now 35, "but money problems and the job didn't allow me to do it."

Until recently, Cardinal might have taken a few night school or correspondence courses, but never earned a degree. Last fall he discovered that he could earn that degree from Empire State College, part of the State University of New York, without ever setting foot in a classroom. Now when he is not working on the assembly line in Albany, Cardinal combs through union ar-

chives, reads labor history and interviews co-workers—all part of his major in labor relations, a program that has been especially designed to fit both his interests and his work schedule.

More and more educators are coming to believe that a college education need not take place in a classroom or follow a prescribed curriculum. They are also finding that thousands of adults, as well as young people, are eager to study but cannot get to college. The solution: a college education without a college. The best known of such experimental programs opened last year: the University Without Walls (U.W.W.)—a joint effort by 20 colleges based at Antioch College in Yellow Springs, Ohio—and Empire State College in New York. Similar courses will start this fall at universities in California, Maryland, New Jersey and Texas.

All aim, as Empire State President James W. Hall says, "to step aside from the subtle tyrannies that have existed in education." Empire State, for example, has no campus, no classrooms, laboratories or libraries—just 400 students who pay up to \$1,067 a year in tuition to be guided in their studies by advisers based in five cities. These advisers, known as "mentors," help each student to work out a program that can include independent study, tutorial conferences or formal courses on any of the New York State university system's 72 campuses. By 1975 the college expects to have up to 7,000 students. Explains Vice President Arthur Chickering: "We are trying to find a way to make education more accessible and more flexible according to a student's

strengths, weaknesses and aspirations."

Such an approach allows Empire State to enroll students like Jim Walsh, 24, who hates classrooms and is earning degree credits by working at an Indian archaeological dig near Saratoga; Steve Hasso, 17, who is studying literature, history and political science to supplement his senior year in high school; and Mary Ellen Musgrave, 28, who found nursing so intellectually unchallenging that she is now studying philosophy, art and music, and will receive her bachelor's degree next month. Perhaps more typical is Auto Worker Cardinal, who wants to "understand what it is that makes our lives miserable as workers," but also expects his degree to help him get a better job. He vows: "I'm going to get that B.A. It's my last shot."

Pioneer. Similarly individualized courses of study are offered to the 3,000 students—aged 17 to 76—enrolled in the University Without Walls, which has programs ranging in size from two dozen students at Bard College in New York to 130 at Antioch's campus in San Francisco. Although the schools set their own admission standards and tuition (from as low as \$300 to as high as \$3,000 a year), they all have the same major degree requirement: each student must present to a student-faculty review committee evidence of his expertise, which may be as conventional as a thesis on Hemingway or as unconventional as a dance recital. Since many students have been given credit for previous college work, the year-old U.W.W. will graduate its first students this month.

The pioneer in these experiments is Britain's Open University. Launched by the Labor government in 1969, Open University now has 35,000 housewives, truck drivers and even soldiers studying toward bachelor's degrees in various fields of science and the arts. It has

no formal entrance requirements ("All we ask," says Dean Geoffrey Holister, "is that a student can read and write"), but teaching is rigorous. At a cost of about \$200 per student, each course involves one week of summer school, 34 weeks of television and radio lectures, and large amounts of required reading and writing assignments, which must be mailed to tutors for grading.

Traditional British educators at first were shocked at the idea of anyone earning a degree "by watching the telly," but they have been mollified by Open University's maintenance of academic standards. Of the 24,000 students who enrolled in the first year's course, about one-fifth dropped out, and another fifth decided not to attempt the final exams, which are just as difficult as those at Oxford or Cambridge.

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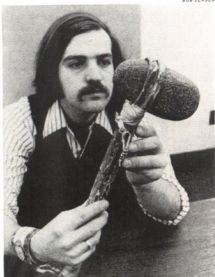


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EDUCATION

But of those who did take the exams, 93% passed. Among them were David Munro, 35, a postal worker who pursued science studies "between putting two children to bed and having a quick pint," and Steelworker Colin O'Leary, 37, who jokes that after studying the philosophy of logic, "I can now win arguments at the pub."

One thing that attracts increasing numbers of U.S. educators to Open University is the fact that it is relatively cheap to operate: it costs about one-fourth as much as a conventional British university. Indeed, the new programs at California, Texas, Maryland and New Jersey universities will even import the same materials being used in England. Explains Rutgers Provost Kenneth Wheeler: "If we can use their texts and lectures and not have to develop our own, it would mean a savings of millions of dollars."

But other administrators, like Empire State President Hall, are wary of standardized materials that "assume that every student wants to do the same thing." Only by tailoring the study program to an individual's needs, he says, can an open university simultaneously "give greater enrichment to careers and greater relevance to liberal arts."

Daimon Omnia Vincit

Olim erat magister linguae Latinae nomine Richard Case, LVIII, qui docebat in Middlesex Schola, Concordiae, Massachusetts. Tristis erat quod multi suorum discipulorum putabant linguam Latinam aridam esse, et nolabant grammatice studere.

Itaque Case coepit scribere fabulam heroicam quam discipuli legere amarent. Appellabatur *Daimon*, et incipiebat simplicissime: "Olim erat in insula Herakleia puer nomine Daimon..." Case primas paucas paginas exhibuit quattuor ex suis discipulis et hi constituerunt illi auxilium ferre ad fabulam scribendam. Case dixit: "Ab eventu ad eventum procedebamus, intellexi, si pueri ipsi fabulam invenirent, certe excitaturam esse."

Magister atque sui quattuor discipuli narraverunt fabulam de Daimone, filio regis Herakleiae, qui peregrinatus est per mare Aegeum. Contra piratas ac serpentes maritimos pugnavit, et implicatus est cum deis, et centauris, et equis alatis. Case dixit: "Postremo erat magna disputatio de questione num Daimon deberet moriri in tempestate modo herois. Discipuli arguerunt Daimonem dignum esse ut viveret."

Ubi Case librum (XLI paginae) exhibuit classi suae discipuli librum amaverunt. Vere, alii magistri hoc cognoverunt, et sex aliae scholae intendunt eo libro uti in classibus Latinis hoc autumno. Unus discipulus dixit: "Discis copia verborum dum legis atque in fabulam intras. Fortasse ego ipse novus eventus de Daimone scribam. Tamen nescio num quidquam praeterea sit quod Daimon facere debeat."

SPORT

A Black Boycott?

The row that erupted last week, virtually on the eve of the XX Olympiad in Munich, was potentially the most disruptive in the troubled 76-year history of the modern Games. The governments of eleven Black African nations, notably Kenya, Ethiopia and Uganda, declared that they would not permit their countrymen to compete if the Games remained open to athletes from white-supremacist Rhodesia.

Threatened or actual boycotts are not new to the Olympic Games. U.S. participation in the 1936 Berlin Games was in doubt for months as many Americans urged a boycott to protest the anti-Semitism of the Nazi hosts. In 1956 Egypt, Iraq and Lebanon withdrew from the Melbourne Games because of

meter steeplechase). Ethiopia too has potential gold medalists in defending Marathon Champion Mamo Wold and Miruz Yifter, a specialist in the 5,000- and 10,000-meter runs. In short, if Black Africa is absent, some of the medals awarded at Munich will seem slightly tarnished.

The potential long-term consequences are even worse. Overreacting to the threat with characteristic irritability, International Olympic Committee President Avery Brundage made a threat of his own: if any teams obeyed their governments' orders to withdraw from Munich they would be expelled from future Games. Brundage rationalized his warning by citing an I.O.C. rule that national teams must be independent of their governments. Brundage was being unfairly selective in issuing



KENYAN KIPCHOKE KEINO (RIGHT) WITH TEAMMATE ON MUNICH TRAINING TRACK
In the absence of Black Africa, some slightly tarnished medals.

the British-French occupation of Suez; that same year Spain and Holland refused to compete because of Russia's invasion of Hungary. Threatened withdrawal by Black African nations from the 1968 Mexico City Games resulted in the exclusion of black athletes from racist South Africa.

The situation last week differed from the 1968 dispute in that the consequences of a Black African boycott this time are much more alarming. Before the 1968 Games, Black African athletes were not regarded as a major factor in international competition. But Kenya, in particular, emerged in Mexico as a world superpower in men's track events, winning more medals than any other nation except the U.S. This year the Kenyan team looks even stronger, with budding new stars to support defending Olympic Champions Kipchoke Keino (in the 1,500-meter run), Naftali Temu (in the 10,000-meters) and Amos Biwott (in the 3,000-

his threat; he has never chosen to enforce the rule against Communist teams, which are clearly under their governments' control.

Even the argument over Rhodesia's right to participate was not without its elements of hypocrisy. Rhodesia, which declared its independence from Britain in 1965, was not permitted to compete in the 1968 Games because its existence as a separate state was not recognized by Mexico. But the I.O.C. agreed last September to let Rhodesia enter the Munich Games if the members of the team (which includes both blacks and whites) would pretend to be British subjects. The team would have to march under the old Southern Rhodesian flag and stand to attention for *God Save the Queen*. At the time, the Black African nations voiced no opposition to the proposed charade. By delivering last-minute ultimatums, the African governments were being fair neither to the German organizers nor to their own

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athletes, most of whom were already on hand. At week's end 18 U.S. black athletes hinted at a sympathy walkout "with our African brothers," and pressure grew for some sort of settlement.

Infighting in Reykjavik

Like the variations on some tricky gambit, the moves in Reykjavik, Iceland, last week were wild, wicked and just plain wearying. First, World Chess Champion Boris Spassky of the U.S.S.R. requested and was granted a two-day postponement of the 14th game in his title match with Bobby Fischer of the U.S. Bobby, never one to miss an opening, immediately filed a formal protest, charging that Boris' excuse of "not feeling well" was too "vague and indefinite" to justify a delay. Actually, Fischer was just twisting the knife, for he and everyone else in Reykjavik could easily diagnose Spassky's complaint. Behind 8-5 in the best-of-24-games match, the champion was understandably suffering from an advanced case of the blahs.

When the 14th game finally got under way, however, Fischer temporarily restored Spassky's spirits. As Bobby made his 21st move, U.S. Grand Master Larry Evans, who was following the play on a pocket chess set in the press room of the Reykjavik Sports Hall, gasped, and declared, "Bobby's blundered! He's dead lost!" Sure enough, Spassky forced an exchange of pieces that left Fischer a pawn behind and in dire straits. Then, just as shockingly, Boris committed a far more obvious blunder on his 27th move. "They've gone to pieces! It's like they're playing on *brennevin!*" exclaimed one grand master, referring to the potent Icelandic drink that the locals fondly call "Black Death." Fischer's second, the Rev. William J. Lombardy, a Catholic priest and a grand master, concurred. Following the game, which plodded on to an inevitable draw after 40 moves, he observed: "They played like two drunks."

The action away from the board was just as hectic. In yet another formal protest, Fischer called the Icelandic Chess Federation and Chief Referee Lothar Schmid "arrogant and inconsiderate" for not complying with his demands to reduce spectator noise and remove the first seven rows of seats. (Officials patiently replied that the distance between stage and spectators was greater than at any previous chess match and that they had taken such precautions as forbidding the sale of noisy, cellophane-wrapped candies in the hall.) A little later, Film Producer Chester Fox got into the act; he announced that he was suing Fischer for \$1.5 million to cover the losses incurred from Fischer's refusal to allow the match to be filmed.

The 15th game proved a refreshing respite from the week's extracurricular infighting. Fischer, playing black, again fell behind in the early going. Then, beginning with a daring pawn sacrifice on his 28th move, he engaged Spassky in

a furious battle that equalized their forces. Playing brilliantly under fire, Spassky countered with a checkmating threat that after 43 moves forced each player to accept one-half point for a draw. That gave Fischer a 9-6 lead (he needs 12½ points to win the match, Spassky needs 12) and led Arpad Elo, official statistician for the World Chess Federation, to make a prediction: if each contestant continues to play at the present level of his capabilities, the match will be over on Sunday, August 27, and Bobby Fischer will be the new world champion.

Pomp and Sparky

The various elements evoke images of a British coronation, a Spanish bullfight and an ancient Roman circus, but the total tableau is strictly from The Bronx. It invariably happens late in the ball game. The starting pitcher is tired, the home team's lead is threatened, and help is needed. The gate in Yankee Stadium's right-centerfield fence swings open and a Datsun painted in pinstripes taxis a relief pitcher toward the diamond. Eyes strain to see who is inside the car, voices murmur, hopes rise. The car stops, the stadium organist sweeps into the regal strains of *Pomp and Circumstance*, and the crowd exults. Out steps Albert Walter ("Sparky") Lyle. He sheds his warmup jacket with measured nonchalance and strides toward the pitcher's mound, one cheek distended by chewing tobacco. A few practice throws, a couple of spits, and Sparky is once again ready to try to quell a crisis.

With astonishing consistency, Sparky succeeds. Pitching in most of the Yankees' close games around the American League, the 28-year-old lefthander has compiled the best record of any relief pitcher in either league. Going into last weekend's action, he was credited with having saved 28 games, won four and lost three. (Only Clay Carroll of the Cincinnati Reds in the National League was close to him, with 24 saves, five victories and four defeats.) With some 40 games yet to play, Lyle has a good chance of breaking the major league season record of 34 saves, set by Ron Perranoski of the Minnesota Twins in 1970.

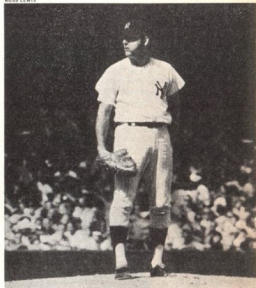
Statistics alone do not reflect a relief pitcher's effectiveness. Saves are credited when a pitcher protects any sort of lead, big or small. In Sparky Lyle's case, most of his saves have come in crucial situations. For instance, there was his performance in a game against the Texas Rangers in June. Summoned to the mound in the eighth inning, with the Yankees leading 3-2, Ranger runners on second and third, and no one out, Lyle intentionally walked Home-Run Threat Frank Howard, the first batter he faced. Then, with the bases loaded, he coolly struck out the next three batters on ten pitches.

Sparky professes not to think about the pressure during a game, or about

the score after it is over. "If I come in and save or win a game," he says, "I just did my job. Why celebrate? That victory is in. The game is over. I might have to do it again tomorrow. If I lose, why moan? I hate to let runs score, but I can't get uptight. If I worry about ruining a game today, then I might wreck one tomorrow. When a game is over, forget it." Forget it he does. Win or lose, Lyle is always the life of the Yankee locker room. His most curious antic is to plant his bare backside on any particularly gooey cakes that find their way into the locker room. It all started when he played for the Boston Red Sox and a teammate hit him in the face with a cake; when the teammate later received a cake as a gift, Lyle promptly retaliated by sitting on it.

Born in DuBois, Pa., Lyle has been a relief specialist for almost all of his

BOB LEWIS



LYLE ON YANKEE STADIUM MOUND
Strictly from The Bronx.

major league career, which began with the Boston Red Sox in 1967. The Yankees had coveted him for two years, but it was not until before the start of this season that they finally acquired him in a trade for First Baseman Danny Cater. At the start of last week, after Sparky had played a part in eight of nine Yankee victories over a twelve-game stretch, the team was only 1½ games out of first place in the American League's Eastern Division. Then Manager Ralph Houk decided to give Lyle a well-deserved break; he took a calculated risk and benched Sparky for a few days. The Yankees promptly lost three games in a row to Kansas City. But Houk was confident that Sparky, now fully rested, would "pick up as strong as ever." As the season entered its stretch drive, it seemed likely that Yankee Stadium would once again respond to the frequent rendition of *Pomp and Circumstance*.

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THE THEATER

Courtship and Cozening

MUCH ADDO ABOUT NOTHING

by WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Dogberry, the buffoon-cop in *Much Ado About Nothing*, seems unable to know his duty, let alone do it. Yet through his good offices, villains and sweethearts alike get theirs. So it is with A.J. Antoon, 27, the Joseph Papp prodigy-protégé who staged *That Championship Season*. Now Antoon has directed the New York Shakespeare Festival celebration of *Much Ado* as if unaware of the usual approach to Shakespearean farce, the mannered conceits that often seem aimed at pleasing only the performers and antiquarians. Ignorant of



WIDDOWS & WATERSTON IN "MUCH ADDO"
Heigh-ho for a husband.

his "duty," Antoon knows only that the play is a comedy and that audiences like to laugh. He does justice to both.

The time and place are not 16th-century Messina, but turn-of-the-century America. In both periods, wars can be won with small loss and loves pursued with grand stratagems. Courtship and cozening can unfold while the players dance the maxixe. Antoon and Choreographer Donald Saddler abscond with reality so neatly that one is willing to believe in the characters.

Sam Waterston is Benedick to the last corpuscle. He brandishes his cigar like a swagger stick. He discovers his love half knowingly, but with astonishment nonetheless, like a child finding the tooth fairy's silver dollar. Kathleen Widdows makes Beatrice a proper combination of cold wit and hot blood. When she exclaims, "I may sit in a corner and cry heigh-ho for a husband!" one understands fully Don Pedro's instant proposal and wants to shout affection not only for her, but for the entire company.

■ Laurence L. Barrett

Which of these cities has the lowest rate of motor vehicle deaths?



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New York



Philadelphia



Chicago



St. Louis



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Los Angeles

Head for New York.

Among these seven cities, it has the lowest rate of vehicular deaths per 100,000 people. (In fact, New York's rate applied nationally would cut the country's death toll *in half*.)

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Chicago listeners learned from WBBM Newsradio the newest facts about the social drinker on the road. KNX Newsradio's award-winning "Half A Second" told Los Angeles which accidents can be prevented, and what happens when they occur.

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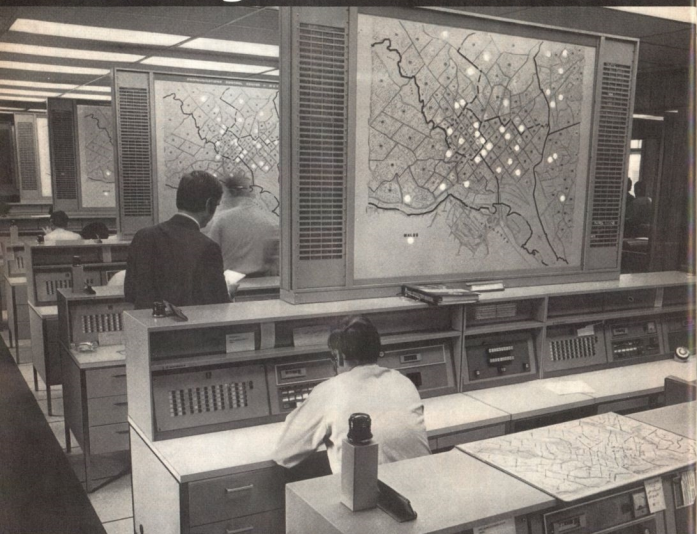
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"Check New York license KC-9855," radios a cruising patrolman in Washington, D.C. At central communications control, where lights on maps pinpoint all police cars, the suspected stolen vehicle number is fed to a computer that combs vast files kept by the city and FBI.

Almost instantly a dispatcher beams confirmation back to the questioning patrolman and directs several nearby cars to assist in pursuit and arrest.

Elsewhere in the city, bright, new "super lights" effectively reduced street crime in those

areas by at least 30 percent.

This expanding electric technology is putting new muscle into the long arm of the law.

Some merchants are tagging their wares with devices that trigger an electric alarm when a shoplifter tries to walk out the door with the goods.

Video-tape cameras record the behavior of drunk drivers for playback the morning after.

The new electric powered technology is no cure-all for crime, but just as in medicine, education and almost any other field, it is helping. Helping to protect,

preserve, and improve the many environments we live in.

Our country's ability to do the work that needs to be done will depend on an adequate supply of electricity. There's no time to waste. New generating facilities must be built, and built in a way compatible with our environment.

We'll continue working to do this. But we need your understanding today to meet tomorrow's needs.

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Chlorine for Cars

For three uninterrupted hours, the little blue Chevrolet Vega cruised steadily around the Michigan International Speedway southwest of Detroit at a constant 50 m.p.h. That performance fell far short of setting any endurance or speed records. But when the car finally pulled into the pits, the joy at trackside was unconfined. Toasts were drunk and the engineer who had prepared the Vega for its run was doused with beer. The small knot of men had every reason to celebrate. Their little car had just traveled some 150 miles at a respectable highway speed, although under its hood there was nothing more than a 40-horsepower electric motor.

For years, the principal obstacle in

Philip C. Symons, director of the Udy-lite Co.'s energy development lab, turned to a combination of inexpensive and readily available substances: zinc and chlorine. Other experimenters—notably General Motors' Allison Division—have also built batteries using chlorine and are confident that such batteries, when refined, will have an energy density high enough to make them practical for powering electric automobiles. But chlorine has two serious drawbacks. It is a poisonous gas that could endanger the occupants of a car if it seeped into the passenger compartment and under ordinary conditions it occupies a very large volume, making it difficult to store. To overcome the problems of free chlorine, Symons devised a system using a solid called chlorine hy-

drate. The weight problem seems relatively minor. Symons foresees the day when zinc chloride batteries will be small enough and powerful enough to push small two- to four-passenger cars—if not at turn-pike speeds, at least fast enough and far enough to meet the less strenuous demands of city and suburban driving.

A Potmato Plant?

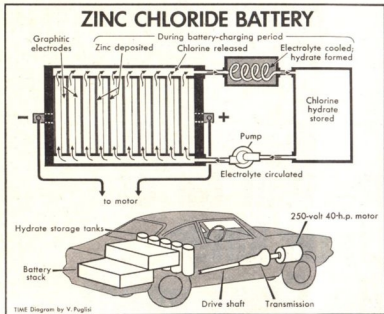
Rice that looks and tastes like wheat? A plant that yields both tomatoes and potatoes? Strong Turkish tobacco that burns as smoothly as mild Virginia leaf? Such unlikely hybrids may now be a little closer to reality. Last week an Atomic Energy Commission researcher announced that he had achieved a long-elusive goal: the successful fusion of two different species of plant cells into a hybrid that has characteristics of both its "parents" and is capable of reproduction.

The experiment, directed by Biologist Peter Carlson at Long Island's Brookhaven National Laboratory, involved two species of wild tobacco called *Nicotiana glauca* and *Nicotiana langsdorffii*. In the past, researchers have been able to crossbreed these two common plants by sexual means—fertilizing one plant with the pollen of the other—but many species will simply not breed sexually with others. Carlson, borrowing techniques recently developed by scientists in England and Japan, accomplished the trick with individual cells. First he treated cells from each kind of leaf with an enzyme that dissolves their protective cellulose walls but leaves the rest of the cell intact. Then he placed the two different types of cells in a solution of sodium nitrate, forced them together by spinning them in a centrifuge and, out of a total of about 10 million, achieved successful genetic "matings" of the two species in some 30 cells. Finally, after putting them in a nutritive broth in which only the hybrids could survive, he was able to pick them out one by one and grow them into full-fledged plants.

Carlson has tried the same experiment with weirder combinations—carrots and tobacco, for instance—but was unable to get the fused cells to reproduce. The problem, he says, is probably only technical, involving such variable factors as temperature and light conditions. If it can be solved, there seems to be no reason why the same cell-fusing technique cannot be used to breed totally new plants that have the most desirable features of their parents.

Kouros and Kore

In 490 B.C., just before the Persians were successfully repulsed on the plain of Marathon by the heroic defenders of Athens, the threat of imminent attack spread terror across the Greek countryside. Panicky residents hastily buried their prize belongings to save them from the dreaded invaders. Then



TIME Diagram by V. Puglisi

the way of practical electric-powered highway vehicles has been the power supply. Familiar lead-acid storage batteries, while adequate as a supplemental source of electricity in conventional cars, suffer from what engineers call a "low energy density"; they need frequent recharging and deliver relatively little energy for their size and weight. Enough of them to power an electric car would weigh as much as an entire conventional automobile. Furthermore, there is little room for improvement: lead-acid batteries have already been developed close to their theoretical peak. Other batteries using different materials—nickel and cadmium, zinc and silver, or sodium and sulfur—have greater energy density, but they have not yet proved practical either, largely because of high costs.

Looking for alternatives, Chemist

drate ($\text{Cl}_2 \cdot 8\text{H}_2\text{O}$), a loosely bound combination of chlorine and water molecules that looks like gold-tinted ice and is safe and easily handled.

When Symons' battery is in use, the heat produced by its electrochemical reactions breaks the chlorine hydrate apart into its separate components. The freed chlorine is released directly into the battery's electrolytic solution, where it helps sustain the electricity-producing chemical reactions. Because the chlorine remains dissolved, it is no more of a threat to driver or passengers than the acid in an ordinary battery.

The Udy-lite system is hardly ready for the road. Together with its supporting gear, the Vega's experimental battery alone weighed some 2,000 lbs., almost as much as the full weight of a conventional Vega. But now that the troublesome chlorine is under control,



YOUTH'S HEAD



GIRL'S HEAD

the people fled, some never to return. Now, almost 2,500 years later, archaeologists have recovered what may well be long-lost samples of that buried treasure: two remarkably beautiful and well-preserved statues of a young man (*kouros* in ancient Greek) and a maiden (*kore*), at least one of which is almost certainly a missing masterwork of the well-known 6th century B.C. sculptor Aristion.

The statues, still covered with some of the decorative paint used by the Greeks to embellish their marble carvings, were found only eleven inches below ground in a field 25 miles southeast of Athens by a team of diggers headed by Archaeologist Efthymios Mastrokostas. After discovering some ancient burial urns, they came upon the figures of two young people, lying side



STATUES IN THEIR GRAVE
Hallmark of the master.

by side facing each other. Such treasures, Mastrokostas is convinced, could only have been placed in the earth for safekeeping in a hour of peril.

Apparently funeral statuary that once stood over the graves of a brother and sister, both pieces show the same slightly smiling, childlike look so typical of the *kouros* and the *kore* of the time. Although the feet are missing from the statue of the youth (as is the right hand), the figure stands more than

six feet, somewhat larger than life-size. His wavy hair, held in place by a headband, still bears traces of its original red color. The girl wears a diadem of lotus blossoms and other flowers on her shoulder-length curls and a chain of tiny pomegranate-shaped beads around her neck. Despite some slight damage to the nose and a missing left hand—which, Mastrokostas believes, also held a flower—it is the most complete statue of its period ever recovered.

Even more exciting to scholars, the female figure fits perfectly atop an ancient marble pedestal that was found earlier in the vicinity. It bears a girl's name, Phrasikleia ("Renowned for Eloquence"), and the sculptor's hallmark "Aristion made me." That, says Mastrokostas, director of antiquities for Attica, is "unchallengeable evidence" that the statue is Aristion's work, and he thinks that the statue of the youth may also be carved by him. Aristion was a master artisan, known from old writing to have lived on the Aegean island of Paros about the third quarter of the 6th century B.C. Until the new dig, it had been believed that the only remnants of his work were four statueless marble bases bearing his imprimatur. Now that Mastrokostas has been able to study Aristion's style, he believes he may be able to identify other works of his among the many still unidentified masterpieces of ancient Greece.

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LABOR

The Year of Peace

AFTER AFL-CIO Boss George Meany and three other union leaders stormed off the Pay Board in March rumbling that Phase II rules are stacked against workers, it seemed that the U.S. might be in for a new period of labor turmoil. The exact opposite has happened: 1972 so far shapes up as the year that the nation's strike fever was broken. In May, work stoppages reached a 30-year low for the month. During the first six months, production time lost to strikes was only five seconds out of each potential man-hour of work, or little more than half the rate a year ago. In only four full years since World War II has the strike pace been slower. Administration officials believe that the absence of costly, wasteful strikes is a key reason for the nation's surge of economic growth.

In one sense, 1972 was almost bound to be a quieter labor year than 1970 or 1971. The number of workers whose contracts come up for renewal this year is only about 3,000,000 v. about 5,000,000 or more in each of the past two years. But employers, some local union officials and mediators agree that a new and less militant psychology is also at work in labor bargaining. Says Washingtonian Guy Farmer, a frequent adviser to management negotiators: "We simply have a more peaceful labor scene."

The standout reason is that paychecks are finally keeping ahead of inflation. In the years just before 1972, ever-fatter wage settlements negotiated by unions were all but canceled by increases in the cost of living, keeping the actual buying power of U.S. workers just about level and breeding bitter discontent in the factory. By contrast, real earnings have inched ahead about 3.2% in the past four quarters (see story, page 53). In effect, a drop in the inflation rate has made the smaller increases that labor can achieve without strikes in 1972 worth more than the bigger gains won by striking in prior years.

Government intervention has also helped mightily to cool tempers. Federal efforts began in April 1971, with formation of the Construction Industry Stabilization Committee, which was charged with bringing some order into the building industry's then-chaotic la-

bor relations. Its existence has given local leaders an excuse to justify moderate demands to militant members. In addition, the committee chairman, Harvard Economist John Dunlop, has demonstrated considerable skill in negotiating with both sides. In 1970, work stoppages preceded the signing of 30% of all new construction contracts; in the first half of 1972 the rate fell to 9%. Moreover, construction wage increases have dropped off from a horrendously inflationary 15.3% to 5.7%. A few



SAN DIEGO SHIPYARD WORKERS GREETING NIXON
Paychecks finally keep ahead of inflation.

unions have settled for even less. Plumbers in Washtenaw County, Mich., recently signed a contract providing no increase whatever in their already-high \$10.17 hourly rate.

Although the Pay Board has no power actually to stop strikes, its 5.5% annual guideline for pay hikes also has served as a powerful deterrent. The board can order cutbacks in labor contracts that exceed the limit, so union leaders now realize that gains won in the heat and sweat of the picket line may not survive scrutiny in Washington. A strike in defiance of a Pay Board ruling might seem to the public to be an intolerable attempt to wreck national anti-inflation policy. Says a Government economist: "It just does not make much sense any more to strike for something that the Pay Board will not give." Not one of the relatively few unions whose contracts have been trimmed by the

board has yet struck against the ruling; indeed many union members seem happy with Nixon and the new economic program.

Next year is sure to provide a much tougher test of the new peaceful climate. Contracts will expire not only for the 900,000 United Auto Workers, who closed down GM for 67 days in 1970, but also for other powerful and highly visible unions, including those representing rubber workers, electrical employees and teamsters. Whether or not wage-price controls remain in effect, some mitigating factors should work to cool strike fever. For one thing, in the last round of bargaining such big unions as the UAW and the United Steelworkers won pay increases that automatically escalate at least part way along with the cost of living. Thus the unions will not be able to claim that they need huge new raises to catch up with inflation.

On the other hand, with the economy picking up, employers have lately been able to raise worker productivity substantially—an improvement that in the past has triggered higher wage demands. More important, unionists are already hungrily eying the record profits being reported by many companies. UAW President Leonard Woodcock last week began setting the tone for his negotiations with automakers, still a year off, by stating: "Out of their huge profits, we can certainly afford whatever we put before them in negotiations."

Another sign that the new labor peace might be tenuous is union insistence on shorter contracts. Unions that used to bargain for three-year contracts now refuse to go beyond two years, and many construction unions want new contracts yearly. Some recent pacts contain an even-shorter-term escape hatch. They provide that management must reopen negotiations within 24 hours of the lifting of wage-price controls.

PRICES

Jawboning Autos

Richard Nixon has often insisted that jawboning particular industries to hold down prices is not an effective way to fight inflation—but last week he resorted to it anyway. The President opened a campaign to persuade automakers to cancel a proposed price boost on 1973-model cars, even though the increase seems justifiable under the guidelines of the Government's own Price Commission. By week's end he had won a partial victory. General Motors, whose price moves are usually followed by the other automakers, offered to trim its increases by more than a third, to an average \$59 per car or truck. Ford soon followed suit, offering to roll back its price hike to \$59 also.

Whether that will satisfy the Administration remains to be seen. Cost of Living Council Director Donald Rumsfeld, who managed the White House side of the confrontation, had pronounced himself "encouraged" by G.M.'s offer. But he had also pointedly added that he hoped that Ford would withdraw its proposed price increases entirely. The Government also began applying delaying tactics. The Price Commission has scheduled public hearings on car prices Sept. 12, at which it will hear such industry critics as Ralph Nader and United Automobile Workers President Leonard Woodcock. By the time the Commission finishes sifting the testimony, Rumsfeld predicted, it will be mid-October before any price boosts can be approved. That would be a full month after the first 1973 models go on sale.

The idea of supplementing formal

of installing new equipment that is required under federal law on '73 cars. The mandatory improvements include stronger bumpers, fire-resistant upholstery fabrics and devices to lessen the amount of smog-producing oxides of nitrogen in auto exhausts. In addition, the companies tacked on new costs for improvements in plant safety and factory antipollution controls, also required by law. Finally, the proposed price rises include a small amount covering product improvements initiated by the companies; G.M., for example, will install stronger hood latches on its '73 cars. Under Price Commission rules, companies usually can pass on to their customers increases in real costs, and the automakers' applications appeared to meet that test. In an oddly timed announcement late last week, the Government's Bureau of Labor Statistics calculated the factory value of improve-

planned increases—though he acknowledged that Chrysler might have to follow the competition. Late in the week, though, G.M. Chairman Richard C. Gerstenberg told the White House by letter that G.M. would lower its price-increase proposal from \$90 to \$59. Of that, he said, \$5 would be for minor brake and wheel improvements, and the remaining \$54 would cover the actual costs of new equipment in the cars (not the plants) required by federal law. G.M. will not absorb the dictated costs on the cars, said Gerstenberg, because "we believe the workings of our economy are endangered when one agency of Government can establish standards that a manufacturer's product must meet, and another agency seeks to prevent the same manufacturer from having at least an opportunity to recover the costs of such mandated equipment."

Rumsfeld planned to announce this week whether the Administration will push for further concessions from automakers. One factor working for the White House: auto executives have some hope that their price applications might be reviewed in a friendlier climate after Election Day. Gerstenberg even stated in his letter that G.M. officials will "re-evaluate our position" before next January.



COLC DIRECTOR RUMSFELD

By Washington's reckoning, Detroit should pay dues.



CHRYSLER CHAIRMAN TOWNSEND

ments on '73 models at an average of \$95.40 per car.

price controls with White House jawboning came from Rumsfeld. Like other Administration officials, he worries that the public still does not believe that inflation is being defeated, even though the rate of price increases is coming down (see following story). The President is known to share this concern, and apparently thinks that he needs some spectacular victory over inflation to talk about in the campaign. At any rate, he gave Rumsfeld the go-ahead to set up meetings in the White House with chiefs of the auto companies. They were invited by telegram to discuss "the impact" of the price increases that they sought, then urged by Rumsfeld to withdraw their proposed boosts. They were asked to reply by week's end.

The increases, which in G.M.'s case would average \$90 a vehicle, seem solidly grounded on cost data. Most of the money would go to cover the expense

of installing new equipment that is required under federal law on '73 cars.

Cost accounting, however, leaves out the all-important political factors. No industry benefited more than the automakers from the New Economic Policy that Nixon unveiled a year ago: it included cancellation of the 7% auto excise tax, which saved new-car buyers an average of \$200 per auto. That move helped to produce a boom that pushed car sales to a record of 9.7 million last year, and that has raised the profits of all four U.S. automakers in the second quarter of 1972 at least 20% above a year ago. By Administration reckoning, it is time for Detroit to pay some dues.

Auto executives at first tried to resist that idea. Chrysler Chairman Lynn A. Townsend branded Rumsfeld's request "arbitrary and discriminatory" and refused to withdraw his company's

POLICY

Anniversary Report Card

One year ago last week, President Nixon jolted the world by announcing a nearly total reversal in U.S. economic policy. He aimed to put three enormously complex problems on the road to solution before Election Day. Here is a capsule report card on his New Economic Policy in each area:

SLOWING INFLATION. The latest consumer price index was 2.9% higher than a year earlier, and the increase is decelerating to an annual rate that should be closer to 2.5% by year's end. But food prices have gone up at a much faster 3.2%. Weekly earnings are up 6.1% and, when adjusted for inflation, provide about 3.2% more real buying power than the paychecks of a year ago. Rating: good.

BALANCING INTERNATIONAL PAYMENTS. The U.S. deficit continued to balloon until devaluation of the dollar late last year, but is improving in 1972. The shortfall totaled \$4.1 billion in the first six months, v. \$11.9 billion a year earlier. The red-ink figure is still high by historic standards, though, and U.S. imports are persistently exceeding exports. Rating: fair.

EXPANDING THE ECONOMY AND CUTTING UNEMPLOYMENT. The gross national product lately has been running at \$96 billion ahead of a year ago, a very healthy 9.2% gain. But unemployment has dropped only from 6.1% last summer to 5.5% now. Rating: superior on expansion but unacceptable on jobs.

INVESTMENT

Muffled Firepower

LIKE an army repeatedly assaulting an impregnable fortress, the Dow Jones industrial average last week mounted yet another attack on the magic 1,000 mark, and once more retreated. After opening the week by pushing to a 44-month high of 974, the index fell back to close at 966. Such performances have become almost routine, and a different specific cause can be found for each failure to crack 1,000. But one underlying reason is that Wall Street misses the massed investment firepower that mutual funds once brought to bear on the market. Throughout the 1960s, mutual funds, which pool the savings of more than 8,000,000 mostly small investors, regularly raised growing amounts of cash with which to purchase stock by selling more of their own shares. But now money is draining out of the funds at a startling rate.

In ten of the past 15 months, investors have redeemed—that is, sold back to the funds—more mutual-fund shares than they have bought. In the past six months, customers have pulled a net \$950 million of their money out of the funds, putting the cash instead into savings accounts, real estate investment trusts and tax-sheltered municipal bonds. That does not exactly leave the funds broke; last year their assets exceeded \$55 billion, equal to the combined assets of General Motors, General Electric, Jersey Standard and IBM. But fund managers can no longer dismiss the excess of redemptions over sales as a temporary fluke. It seems to be turning into a chronic problem that if not solved could halt for good the funds' once dazzling growth. As a result, some funds are taking direct action. Last week in a management shake-up at Dreyfus Corp., Chairman Howard Stein returned to his former job of running the day-to-day operations of Dreyfus Fund Inc., the third largest mutual fund.

The problem is not so much too many redemptions as too few sales. Fund men believe that the rise in redemptions is at least partly the inevitable price of past success. Each month, people who became mutual-fund shareholders in the 1960s complete their investment programs and withdraw their money for such purposes as sending children to college. But the funds have signally failed to find new customers to replace these dropouts. Since early 1969, monthly sales of mutual-fund shares have been cut nearly in half.

The reason is obvious: sales are down mainly because there are fewer salesmen. During its bull years, the industry built up an impressive corps of



high-pressure salesmen, most of them employed not directly by the funds but by brokerage houses. Many lost their jobs in the wave of brokerage mergers and consolidations that swept through Wall Street in the past few years. Those who remain are less eager to sell mutual-fund shares now because they no longer make as much money out of it as they once did. During the 1960s, a mutual fund would often order a broker who executed a stock trade for it to surrender part of his commission to another broker who had been especially successful in selling the fund's own shares to the public. But the New York Stock Exchange banned such "give-ups" late in 1968. Now, the Securities and Exchange Commission proposes that the funds stop channeling their stock-trading business to the brokers who do best at selling fund shares. The SEC wants to remove any temptation for a broker to pressure his customers into buying fund shares so that the broker can collect juicy stock-trading business from the funds.

What the funds can do to revive

sales is less clear. Some are contemplating dispensing with salesmen altogether and joining the growing ranks of the so-called "no-load" funds (TIME, March 6). No-load funds sell by newspaper ads and direct mail; they do not charge their customers the normal 8.5% sales commission, or "load." While mutual funds as a group have been losing customers, sales of shares in no-load funds have continued to run far ahead of redemptions. Recently two large funds, Financial Programs, Inc. and Steadman Security Corp., converted to no-load status.

Chicken-or-Egg. The industry is also experimenting with other new marketing techniques. Boston's Keystone Custodian Funds, Inc. has built up a force of 500 salesmen to sell a combined package of mutual-fund shares and life insurance plans. In February, Dreyfus Corp. started a new fund with a scaled-down commission rate that is being sold as a payroll-deduction plan to companies, unions and trade associations. The industry's trade association, the Investment Company Institute, is conducting a \$400,000 advertising campaign in newspapers and magazines, designed to convince the public that, for example, it is more profitable to put money into mutual-fund shares than into bank savings accounts.

In aid of such efforts, the funds now have a good investment record to cite. As a group they performed badly in the 1969-70 bear market, but last year and in the first half of 1972 the value of stocks bought by mutual funds generally rose more rapidly than the popular market averages. But the funds may have got themselves into a chicken-or-egg situation. Undoubtedly the greatest possible stimulus to sales of fund shares would come from the public excitement about the market that would be generated by the Dow Jones average breaking the 1,000 mark. The question is whether the market can muster the buying power to achieve that breakthrough without a prior revival of the mutual funds.

RETAILING

The Trashing Toll

Over the past few years of student unrest, boarded-up storefronts and broken glass on sidewalks have given some campus communities the look of inner-city ghettos. Now, as another college term approaches, merchants are preparing for the worst. Around the Berkeley campus of the University of California, for example, a group of store owners is organizing a credit association to help members whose property may be damaged by youthful protesters. Local businessmen are also putting together an

area-wide electric-alarm system. They hope to have it finished by election night, in case President Nixon wins.

Little wonder. Campus hostility to Nixon exploded last spring when the President announced the mining of Haiphong harbor. Students across the nation took out their anger on the nearest "imperialist" institutions they could find, usually stores, banks and campus buildings. The rioters smashed windows, broke doors and set buildings on fire in an outburst of what counterculture lingo identifies as "trashing"—spontaneous revolutionary vandalism. The bill for that spree is yet to be paid. In Berkeley, a group of 31 merchants this month filed a claim against the city for \$170,000 in damages, asserting that police failed to protect their property. The city council refused to pay, and the merchants plan to sue.

The spring riots added to a trashing toll that over the years has reached impressive proportions. In Berkeley, an incomplete city battle-damage study shows that in the past four years 72 mer-

chants have suffered losses of nearly \$4,000,000—\$152,427 in physical damage and \$3,659,042 in potential sales unmade because stores were closed or customers stayed away. The tally will doubtless rise as more stores report.

In Cambridge, Mass., Bobbi Baker ran a high-fashion dress shop near the Harvard University campus for six years but sold the building this year and moved to a quiet suburb. "One year we were trashed three times," she recalls bitterly. "In the first trashing, they piled up a lot of merchandise inside the store and set fire to it. Women's Lib picketed us and sprayed our windows with slogans. We got tired of being threatened with knives and being bullied."

In Manhattan, Columbia University trashers last spring hit neighboring branches of First National City Bank (\$5,000 damage) and Chemical Bank (\$2,500). Then the action shifted to Columbia's School of International Affairs, where students knocked out half a dozen windows that school officials say cost \$1,500 each to replace. By the end of the spring session, the university's share of the cost of Viet Nam escalation during the semester came to more than \$95,000.

Even merchants who have suffered little or no trashing damage find the violence driving their insurance costs prohibitively high. Shopkeepers along State Street in Madison, Wis., near the University of Wisconsin, say that glass insurance can be purchased only with a \$100-deductible clause, making coverage there worthwhile only for the largest stores. Universities themselves have also been hit. In 1968, Columbia paid \$117,000 in annual premiums for a \$1,000-deductible casualty policy. Now it must pay \$182,000, and the deductible has been raised to \$1,000,000.

What can be done to stop trashing? Trashers themselves say that ending the war would help, but that option is hardly open to a college-town merchant. Most can only try to fortify their stores. Officers of the Telegraph Avenue branch of Bank of America have bricked up its windows and installed a metal fence over the doorway. Officials

of Cambridge Savings Bank near Harvard twice installed safety glass (it did not break, but it shattered) and finally settled on metal and plywood window shutters.

Some campus merchants are trying to escape the wrath of students by becoming socially responsible. Many Berkeley shopkeepers donate part of their profits to local counterculture organizations. But the end may come only when the times quiet down or there is nothing left to trash—a point that in some places may not be too far away. During last spring's disturbances, one reporter asked a Columbia student leader: "Well, what's the target for tonight?" The trasher replied, "I don't know, man, it's a real bitch. We've broken all the imperialist glass within 20 blocks of this place."

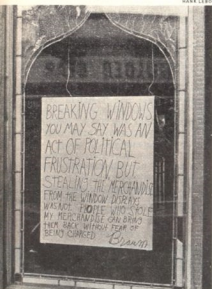
INDUSTRY

Pampering Campers

Around the factories and Forest City, Iowa, offices of Winnebago Industries, a maker of vehicles for the growing army of U.S. campers, bulletin boards list hourly quotations on the company's stock for the benefit of the many officers and employees who are shareholders. Lately, the boards have been flashing a mystery story. Though the company's sales and profits are rising swiftly, the stock price fell from an adjusted June high of \$48.25 to an August low of \$32.13; last week it closed at \$38.50. One result has been to diminish on paper the fortune of Winnebago's ruling Hanson family. In 1958, present Chairman John K. Hanson, then a furniture dealer, bought most of the company's assets for \$12,000. By mid-1972, he had seen that investment grow into family stock holdings worth \$773 million; now the value is \$617 million.

The slide is all the more galling to Winnebago people because they believe that it has been caused largely by stock-market confusion. President John V. Hanson, son of the founder, claims that investors have been worried by reports of disappointing shipments in the "mobile home" industry, and have got that mixed up with Winnebago's "motor home" business. The name is about the only similarity. Mobile homes, despite the term, are usually towed to one spot and left there to serve as a family's permanent dwelling. Motor homes, also called recreational vehicles and sometimes "fun machines," are designed to whisk campers to national parks in the summer and ski resorts in the winter with some of the comforts of home.

When the elder Hanson took over the company, he foresaw that campers would want to be pampered and gradually switched the product line from spartan travel trailers and portable dwellings mounted on pickup trucks to more luxurious box-shaped, self-



SIGN IN WINDOW OF BERKELEY BOUTIQUE



BOARDED-UP STOREFRONTS ON STATE STREET IN MADISON, WIS. An alarm system for election night, just in case.



WINNEBAGO VEHICLE IN ILLINOIS
The comforts of home.

propelled vehicles. Winnebago now crams its 13 models with such gadgets as eye-level ovens, built-in vacuum cleaners, showers, color TVs and sleeping quarters for as many as eight campers.

The vehicles enable campers to travel in comfort and yet avoid the rising costs of motel rooms and restaurant meals. Recreational vehicles range from ingenious \$350 pop-up tent trailers to de-luxe \$4,000 travel trailers pulled by automobiles and \$20,000 self-propelled motor homes. Buyers tend to be about 45 years old, earn at least \$12,000 a year and spend an average of 34 days a year traveling.

As longer vacations, more three-day weekends and earlier retirements have permitted more Americans to indulge their love of the open road, sales of recreational vehicles spurted to \$1.6 billion last year, from a mere \$87 million in 1961. Within the next six years, sales are expected to top \$3 billion. Today, more than 800 companies, many clustered around Elkhart, Ind., now make recreational vehicles. Most are still run by their founders, a group of entrepreneurs who have made millions merely by buying the necessary parts and assembling campers and trailers. Some of the nation's largest corporations, however, are also getting into the business. Boise Cascade, W.R. Grace and Beatrice Foods have bought existing companies. Boise Corp. this month began selling the first travel trailer designed to be towed by a compact car, and General Motors next year will begin making and selling its own recreational vehicles.

About the only cloud over the industry's growth is the prospect of federal safety regulation. Last week the Department of Transportation issued rules

that beginning on Jan. 1, will require both pickup-truck and camper manufacturers to print in their owner's manuals pictures showing what size units can be safely fitted to truck beds. In the past, oversized campers mounted on pickup trucks have caused handling and braking problems. The department is expected to issue other safety standards in the next few years. Forcing recreational vehicle makers to add new safety equipment would increase production costs. That possibility, plus the fact that Winnebago is the industry's leader and is one of the few companies whose shares are traded publicly, seems to be another reason for the drop in its stock. Actually, though federal safety rules would hurt the smaller companies, Winnebago now claims to be ahead of prospective federal standards.

The Hansons, at least, remain highly optimistic, and are backing their opinion with money. Winnebago is now spending \$10 million to double production capacity to 1,000 vehicles a week, and may even begin to make its own appliances. The company has long cut costs by making almost everything else going into its machines; for example, it makes at a cost of \$1.60 each the sun visor that it once bought from an outside supplier for \$16. It also is beginning to rent recreational vehicles to people who like the machines but have no place to park or garage them between vacations. But the Hansons do admit that Winnebago's growth is likely to slow; they only expect sales to double every two years. In fiscal 1972, which ended Feb. 26, sales almost doubled in a single year to \$133 million and profits nearly tripled to \$13.6 million.

MEXICO

Respectable Tijuana

Life in Tijuana has moved in cycles. During the Prohibition era, the Baja California town glittered as a south-of-the-border oasis for thirsty Hollywood movie stars and horseplayers at Agua Caliente Racetrack; Alex and Caesar Cardini invented Caesar salad one evening to feed the throngs at their beleaguered restaurant. But by World War II, U.S. servicemen in California came to know Tijuana as a bawdy border appendage of San Diego where sidewalk hustlers peddled a startling variety of sexual activities and mainstreet bars offered grinding nudes within tactile distance of the audience. The town's foul old jail became infamous as a place where unwary tourists might find themselves held incommunicado for so much as a traffic ticket. Even in the 1960s, when the city was already popular as a bullfight mecca, one of its few flattering U.S. notices was the appropriation of its name by Herb Alpert and The Tijuana Brass.

Now the cycle has turned again. Last week Tijuana was parading a new-

found reputation as a respectable, commercially solid city, frocked out in its Sunday best for a three-week international trade show called Mexpo. On hand to open the show was President Luis Echevarria Alvarez and almost the entire Mexican Cabinet. They stayed at the first guests at the \$2,000,000 El Conquistador, a plush colonial-styled resort hotel (complete with a swim-up bar), built from handmade bricks and Guadalajara stone, and decorated with Mexican touches like hand-painted porcelain in the bathrooms.

The El Conquistador—built and financed by Tijuana Entrepreneur Alfonso Bustamante Jr., the son of a local bottled-gas millionaire—is the second major luxury hotel to break the Tijuana mold. The initial gamble was made by Hotelier Mauro Chavez Cobos and a partner, Miguel Barbachano, who in 1970 opened the modern 92-room Palacio Azteca, which has rooms ranging up to a \$94-a-day Imperial Suite. The hotel drew so many sound-citizen tourists that Chavez plans to add 250 more units and a 1,200-seat convention hall next year.

What has changed Tijuana so dramatically? For one thing, competition. Tougher Mexican laws and more liberal U.S. attitudes shrank the market for "attractions" such as divorces, abortions, prostitution and sex shows. "We simply could not compete with upper California," says one Tijuana, only partly in jest. Also, the town grew rapidly in size (from 160,000 in 1960 to 450,000 today) and in civic pride, which could not tolerate the sin-city image.

The Mexican government helped, too. A special border-zone agreement with the U.S. allowed American manufacturers to assemble components in Mexico at a cost low enough for them to match overseas competition. An ex-

EL CONQUISTADOR'S SWIM-UP BAR



tension of Tijuana's duty-free port status encouraged shopkeepers to expand their inventories of French perfumes, Pucci and Cardin fashions, Limoges china and English woollens.

Tijuana's new selling point to U.S. tourists is that it is, as a San Diego billboard blurb for the El Conquistador puts it, "So near but yet so foreign." Some Americans pop across the border simply to fuel up on flavorful Mexican food and beer. Also, despite the lure of duty-free foreign goods, merchants have learned that American visitors are even more interested in Mexican handicrafts: Taxco silver, Oaxaca peasant clothes, Tlaquepaque tiles. Ironmongers are doing a brisk business in wrought-iron chandeliers and mock-Tiffany lamps. Cabinetmakers and carpenters have set up dozens of prosperous furniture stores selling ready-made Mexican colonial.

To enhance the new image, Mayor Marco-Antonio Bolaños and other city fathers are inducing shopowners along the Avenida Revolución to redecorate their storefronts in colonial style. Even the city's new jail, at last replacing the old hulk, looks like a Franciscan mission. As for the bawdy old nightclubs, the few remaining are pale shadows of their former infamy. A visiting American who recently wandered into one of his old haunts found himself the only customer eying the bored, bikini-clad go-go girls.

ENTREPRENEURS

John Brown's Buddy

At a Kentucky Derby breakfast in the Governor's mansion nine years ago, a young lawyer with a hunger for riches ran into a courtly old gent with a recipe for fried chicken. The rest is history: John Y. Brown Jr. built an \$830 million empire around Colonel Harland Sanders' Kentucky Fried Chicken. Having made his fortune, Brown sold out last year to Heublein Inc., a food and liquor distributor, and went into semi-retirement at age 37. But then he met Ollie Gleichenhau, who runs a seven-stool hamburger joint in Miami Beach. Now Brown is determined to make him the Colonel Sanders of hamburgers.

Ollie is hardly the patriarchal Kentucky colonel type. A 60-year-old native of Brooklyn, he looks and sounds more like Archie Bunker's big brother. But his hamburgers are something else: one-third pound of lean meat seasoned with 32 spices and a special sauce. Gleichenhau, who insults customers and employees with equal abandon, takes his seasoning seriously; he often chastises patrons who unknowingly ask for ketchup or mustard.

Actually, Brown's discovery of

Gleichenhau was not exactly serendipitous. Brown, the son of a longtime politician, retired from the chicken business in part because he wanted to become the Democratic candidate for Senator from Kentucky this fall, but then former Republican Governor Louie Nunn was nominated for the Senate, and Brown decided that maybe he would wait until 1974. He needed something to do meanwhile, an activity that

"If you order my Ollieburger well done—I suggest you order the hot dog instead."



AD FOR LUM'S NEW PRODUCT
Archie Bunker's big brother.

would still leave him time for political jobs like organizing the telethon that netted more than \$2,000,000 for the Democratic National Committee last month. Last August, accordingly, he bought Lum's, a 340-outlet beer-and-hot-dog chain, for \$4,000,000 in cash.

Lum's franchises lost \$150,000 last year—partly, says Brown, because "they did not have very good food. I figured that upgrading it would be my first task." So Brown recruited a platoon of young executives and told them to scour the country until they found the perfect hamburger.

A month later they returned with Gleichenhau. "I told John I was happy, I don't need this," Ollie recalls. "Then he told me he'd make me famous, bigger than the Colonel. He said my name would be in lights, on T shirts and plates, everywhere. He hit me in a weak spot."

Lum's hired Ollie to train its personnel, and it is now testing Ollieburgers—at a high 95¢ each—in its Ohio outlets. Gleichenhau is not entirely sure that Lum's countermeasures can duplicate his masterpiece: "Those yo-yos are looking for a short way to make my burgers, but there's no way other than the right way." Even so, Brown intends to go nationwide with Ollieburgers within a year, and has prepared 63 television commercials featuring Ollie in "an Archie Bunker kind of approach." The rest may some day be history.

MILESTONES

Married. Mark Goodson, 57, coproducer with Bill Todman of TV's most durable game shows (*What's My Line*, *Beat the Clock*, *Password*); and Susan Russell Waddell, 28, fashion model; he for the third time, she for the first; in Beverly Hills, Calif.

Married. Sir Roy Welensky, 65, Prime Minister between 1956 and 1963 of the now-defunct Central African Federation (Rhodesia and Nyasaland); and Valerie Scott, 32, former Conservative Party worker in Britain; he for the second time, she for the first; in Salisbury, Rhodesia.

Died. Oscar Levant, 65, composer and pianist whose dour, waspish wit nourished a turbulent career in radio, television and films (see *SHOW BUSINESS & TELEVISION*).

Died. Edgar A.J. Johnson, 72, co-founder and former president of the Economic History Association who, as chief of the U.S. Economic Cooperation Administration mission to South Korea, directed relief and reconstruction programs in that country during the Korean War; of multiple myeloma; in Washington, D.C.

Died. George M. Weiss, 77, former general manager of the New York Yankees; in Greenwich, Conn. After joining the club in 1932, Weiss created the farm system out of which grew a Yankee dynasty (19 American League pennants, 15 World Series triumphs). He moved across town in 1961 to serve six years as the first president of the New York Mets.

Died. Jules Romain, 86, French epic novelist, dramatist and poet and founder of the philosophy of unanimism; in Paris. Though his massive output since the turn of the century included successful plays, philosophical essays and mildly erotic fiction, Romain's masterpiece was his 27-volume historical novel, *Les Hommes de Bonne Volonté* (*Men of Goodwill*). Fifteen years in the writing, with a cast of over 400 characters, the work embodies Romain's unanimist philosophy that man can only be fully defined in the context of the religious, familial and social groups to which he belongs. After completing the final volumes in exile in the U.S. and Mexico during World War II, Romain returned to Paris in 1946 and won election to the French Academy that year.

Died. Paolo Cardinal Giobbe, 92, eldest member of the Sacred College of Cardinals who, before his promotion to the purple by Pope John XXIII in 1958, served 33 years in the papal diplomatic service as an emissary to Colombia and The Netherlands; in Rome.

BOOKS

The Big Attrit

FIRE IN THE LAKE
by FRANCES FITZGERALD
491 pages. Atlantic-Little, Brown.
\$12.50.

This is the Viet Nam book for people who do not want to read about Viet Nam—the lip-service hawks and doves who don't know Quang Tri from An Giang and don't care how the war ends as long as it is soon. *Fire in the Lake* is about the nature of the Vietnamese character and its encounter with the West. In one form or other, scholars, journalists and Government officials have said most of what Frances Fitzgerald has to say. But she may succeed better than they simply because she delves into culture, history and politics

with so fresh a blend of compassion and intelligence.

A protégée of Yale's Southeast Asia scholar, the late Paul Mus, she worked under his direction for two years, and on two visits spent 16 months in Viet Nam. She is also a good writer and a cool one; there are no moral tantrums or cast-iron ironies here. What she undertakes is a social history of a remote and truly enigmatic world, beginning with a fascinating, leisurely description of traditional Vietnamese society. Life centered totally on the village or hamlet where a man had a fixed place and derived his whole identity from his link to the village and the worship of his ancestors. Says Fitzgerald: "Americans live in a society of replaceable parts—in theory, anyone can become President or sanitary inspector—but the Vietnamese lived in a society of particular people."

Confucianism was the very foundation of that society. A basis for religion, ethics, philosophy and statecraft, it seeks a complete interpretation of events. It holds that there is one and only one correct way to do things. The book tells the story of an American government professor in Saigon whose class erupted when, having finished discussing Machiavelli, he went on to the ideas of Montesquieu. "What do you mean," the students demanded, "teaching us one thing one day and one thing the next?" Similarly, the Vietnamese do not naturally imagine, let alone yearn for, change or progress. Even their conception of the supernatural is a shadow version of present reality. Fitzgerald compares it to "one of those strange metaphysical puzzles of Borges: 'An entire community imagines another one which, though magical and otherworldly, looks, detail for detail, like itself.'"

Until the French arrival in the 19th

century, Vietnamese society was a closed world of autonomous villages. The French began a centralizing process, building up market cities and large landholdings, and dislocating the peasantry. Yet even in their current almost vestigial condition, villages are the basis and support of the National Liberation Front, and the nightmare of American troops. Fitzgerald describes an American search for a supply tunnel network in a typical village, where the soldiers are "clumsy as astronauts walking over the political and economic design of Viet Nam." Despite its use of terrorism and reprisals, the N.L.F. has enjoyed success, she argues, because it operates from the villages and engages the peasants on their own home ground—digging the tunnels, making land mines and small weaponry. By contrast, American programs, except in the most secure areas, have involved uprooting people who feel that they are literally leaving their souls in their native hamlet.

If the French impoverished the villages, the current war—particularly the U.S. pacification program—has practically decimated them. Almost a third of South Viet Nam's people are now refugees. The last part of *Fire in the Lake* describes the effect of uprooting on Vietnamese society. The moving of the population began in earnest in 1966. It aimed at depriving the enemy of sustenance or, as General Westmoreland's civilian deputy, Robert Komer, put it: "If we can attrit the population base of the Viet Cong, it'll accelerate the process of degrading the V.C."

Thirty Years' War. That big "attrit" has proved incredibly long and costly. With its war-swollen cities, South Viet Nam now has the population distribution of a highly industrialized country—but there is almost no industry in Viet Nam. There are still artisans, out in what American soldiers call "Indian country," using their centuries-old skills to fashion land mines. Saigon has become an arsenal of U.S. consumer goods, from prefabricated houses to athlete's foot powder, ordered and sometimes resold by Saigon officials. Since U.S. personnel changes roughly every twelve months, Americans tend to maintain a kind of earnest, timeless sangfroid, but around them have gathered "professional beggars, pimps, drug dealers, thieves—a Brechtian cast of characters in the midst of a new Thirty Years' War."

The author quotes Henry Kissinger as saying it is "beyond imagination that parties that have been murdering and betraying each other for 21 years could work together." But according to Fitzgerald, the biggest recent change in Viet Nam's mood is the intensifying hostility not toward each other but toward all foreigners, especially in the packed, volatile cities. Arguing historically, moreover, she thinks that it is not a bit beyond imagination that the Vietnamese can reach accommodation with

FRANCES FITZGERALD IN NEW YORK



VIETNAMESE LIGHT CANDLES BEFORE BONES OF VILLAGERS KILLED BY VIET CONG IN 1968



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each other in a search for the "correct" way to live and order their life as a nation.

■ ■ ■
Martha Duffy

In the days of Cathy Leroy and Michele Ray, girl reporters in Viet Nam seemed to be trying to out-tough Hemingway. Frances Fitzgerald's voice is low and her style quiet, though she is known as Frankie. There is even a trace of the debutante she once was in the way her eyes dilate when she wants to emphasize a point. That observation would irritate her. Days at the fashionable Foxcroft School now seem "too dreadful to talk about." Radcliffe was better—"one learned to think in long phrases." She graduated in 1962 with a *magna* in history, writing a thesis on King Faisal's government in Syria in 1920.

Though Paul Mus thereafter became her inspiration in Asian studies, other things in her background pointed toward the five-year project she has just completed with *Fire in the Lake*. Her late father, CIA Deputy Director Desmond Fitzgerald, was an old Southeast Asia hand who learned about the problems of working with Asian troops when he trained a Chinese unit to fight in Burma under General Joseph Stilwell. Says Frankie: "He never knew whether they would follow him into battle when he gave the order." Her mother, former U.N. Delegate Marietta Tree, contributed some nuggets of worldly observation: "Never mistake a politician. Anyone who has been elected dog catcher thinks he can be President."

Frankie first went to Viet Nam in 1966 on assignment from the *Atlantic Monthly*. She planned a month-long stay which actually lasted a year. "It was a rare instance in which you could really come close to reality." Her excellent French served her in the cities; for the villages she joined forces with a Vietnamese girl from a strict Confucian family who had just graduated from the University of Tennessee. They were only allowed to go to "secure" villages with Marines, but on arrival it was easy to give them the slip. "The villages are shaped like honeycombs, with each house at a different angle. It was very hard for a soldier to keep his bearings."

When she began writing her book she thought it would surely be a kind of history. One of her achievements, in fact, is the sense of historic perspective that she brings to a roiling subject. But as has happened to many others who have reported it, Viet Nam has taken over her life. Though she now lives on Manhattan's Upper East Side, she still reads military bulletins the way a horse player studies the form. She knows why the B-52s are striking certain targets. When she gets together with other veterans of Viet Nam reporting like Gloria Emerson, David Halberstam and journalists on leave from Saigon, she says, "The conversation is like talk among butterfly experts—a fraternity of people with the same obsession."

A Listener's Comments

FAREWELL TO THE SOUTH

by ROBERT COLES

408 pages. Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$7.95.

"Anything that comes out of the South," the late Flannery O'Connor once observed, "is going to be called grotesque by the Northern reader, unless it is grotesque, in which case it is going to be called realistic." Digging behind all the grotesque, realistic "Gone-with-the-Tobacco-Road" clichés, slowly and painstakingly detailing the ambiguous Southern actuality—this has been Robert Coles' work in progress for more than a decade. In the three volumes of his *Children of Crisis* series, completed earlier this year, he has documented, mostly in their own words, the destinies of families mainly from the rural Southeast.

Now Coles has moved on to the



PSYCHOLOGIST ROBERT COLES
Distrust of certainty.

Southwest, lending his ear and—because he is an artist as well as a psychiatrist—his imagination and his heart to the words of the Chicanos and Indians. *Farewell to the South*, largely a collection of Coles' magazine articles, forms a kind of passing commentary upon his major work so far.

Here are on-the-spot sketches of civil rights workers of a long decade ago, brought up to date. Coles does not mind the inevitable inconsistencies, for distrust of certainty is his passion. The certainty of fellow psychiatrists, for instance, who "misuse their own professional language" to smuggle value judgments under the guise of science. The certainty of the social scientist "who has a name or a label for everything and wants at all costs to be 'concerned' and 'involved.'" The certainty of the Northern liberal who adds "ignorance, reck-

lessness, and self-righteousness" to his original vice of remoteness.

Coles' essays on James Baldwin and Lester Maddox as victims of their own rhetoric are also statements on his own methodology, his need to be specific. "I can't stand all the abstracting," he has said. "The Marxist-Freudian blueprints. That sort of thing. I like intellectuals who've lived in the world—George Orwell, James Agee, Simone Weil."

Whether studying undernourished children in South Carolina or inspecting the epic rich-poor contrasts of Texas cities, Coles sticks to the tangible. He confronts Southern paradoxes—sadness and willfulness, resignation and resourcefulness—and stubbornly refuses to resolve them.

"I wonder," he writes, "where else in this country past history and present social conflict conspire to bring forth so much of the evil in people, so much of the dignity possible in people, so much of the 'pity and terror' in the human condition." *Farewell to the South* honors these contradictions and bears witness to a slightly grotesque but most realistic hope.

■ Melvin Maddocks

From the Marrow

THE CHANT OF JIMMIE BLACKSMITH

by THOMAS KENEALLY

178 pages. Viking, \$6.50.

In the rugged homestead country of Australia one evening in 1900, the wife of one of the area's white settlers answers a knock at her farmhouse door. Out of the darkness rushes the hired man, an aboriginal, flailing about with an ax. Moments later the farmer's wife, her two daughters and a schoolmistress-boarder lie hacked to death.

What sort of creature could commit such an act? Could the seemingly random slaughter have any kind of meaning?

Exploring these questions Australian Novelist Keneally seems to write from within the marrow of his protagonist. Without blinking the horror, which is based on a real incident, he makes it what it rarely seems to be in real life: plausible and thus human.

Keneally's Jimmie Blacksmith is actually only half aboriginal. His father was a nameless white man. Jimmie's mixed strain is both judgment and destiny. Mentally but not emotionally weaned from the chants and lore of a now decadent tribal heritage, he tries to make his way as a houseboy and laborer in the harsh, pinched world of white Protestants—the missionaries and farmers who are claiming the open land. From them Jimmie learns the snobbery of materialism, according to which "possession [is] a holy state."

The possession that Jimmie covets above all is a white wife. When he gets one—a dim, sniveling, pregnant teenager whose child does not even turn out to be his—a murderous rage is born. Jimmie realizes that the white side of

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BOOKS

his nature is as doomed to suffocation as the black. Cheated by his employers, taunted and humiliated beyond endurance, he undertakes mayhem as a sort of mad ritual, an attempt to be for once the white man's priest and judge instead of his willing nigger.

Keneally's narrative has the short, brutal rhythm of the ax, each stroke glinting with images of hallucinatory brilliance (in a flash of revulsion against his aboriginal brethren, Jimmie imagines "a vineyard of gallows from which hung all the inept, unfortunate race, emphatically asleep"). Occasionally, Keneally overheats his language, invoking the pull of blood and the core of blackness in a way that recalls D.H. Lawrence in a rant. But most of the time the novel's intensity arises naturally from the dualities that throb at its center—black and white, crime and punishment, civilization and savagery.

Keneally has written six notable novels, usually dealing either with the small domestic crises of the soul or with spin-offs from historic incidents. It is a measure of his craft that he does not try to plug these themes into today's headlines for a cheap jolt of relevance. Jimmie's tale is played out against a background of incidental chatter and speculation about Australian federation, which in 1900 united the continent's six major colonies into a commonwealth. In the end the reader sees that this is not the background, but the whole point. The tragic contradictions in Jimmie's life are in fact the unresolved agonies out of which a nation is to be created. ■ Christopher Porterfield

From Bad to Verse Department

The following intelligence was recently received by a downcast poet of our acquaintance:



DEPT. OF POETRY

Because of the large amount of poetry that we have on hand for publication, the poetry department of The New Yorker will be closed until September 1, 1973.

We are sorry, therefore, to have to return this manuscript to you unread. Thank you for submitting it.

The Editors

Black "Pope"

When the World Council of Churches chooses a new General Secretary in Irving Wallace's current novel *The Word*, it is a contest of political skulduggery between two fiercely ambitious churchmen. When the election is held in real life—as it was last week at the W.C.C.'s Central Committee meeting in Utrecht—it is a much more orderly process, with the maneuvering smoothed over by ecumenical diplomacy. But in other respects the man who won the World Council's chief executive post last week outdid both of Wallace's fictional contenders. He is Philip Alford Potter, 51, a Methodist from the West Indian island of Dominica. By geography and persuasion he is a Third Worlder. He is also black.

Potter becomes the third man to occupy the office since the World Council was founded in 1948. Scholarly Dutchman W.A. Visser 't Hooft, one of the organization's founding fathers, held the post until 1966, when he was succeeded by noted U.S. Presbyterian Ecumenist Eugene Carson Blake. Now 65, Blake is due to retire this fall. Potter will then take up a five-year term as ecumenical spokesman for more than 250 member denominations of the World Council, including Protestants, Anglicans and Eastern Orthodox—some 400 million Christians in all. Since Protestants form the core of the organization, he will become (though in a vastly less powerful way than Rome's Pontiff) the Protestant "Pope."

Good Time. Potter should cut a dashing figure in his new job. Tall and strapping (6 ft. 2½ in., 210 lbs.), he is a former school athlete who once won prizes in the 100- and 200-meter dashes and the broad jump. He still hikes out on geology field trips when he finds the time, likes to listen to Baroque music at home with his wife Doreen, the daughter of a Jamaican Methodist minister. During an interview in Utrecht with *TIME* Correspondent Richard Ostling, the General Secretary-elect puffed on cigarillos and sipped a beer. The grandson of a rum distiller, he explained that West Indian Methodists were not as legalistic about alcohol as U.S. Methodists officially were. "My own witness as a young man was not that I would not drink," he recalled in his rich West Indian accent, "but that I would have a little and have a good time anyway."

Trained at Jamaica's United Theological College and London University, Potter was pastor of a Methodist church in Haiti until 1954, when he joined the W.C.C.'s youth department. Haiti helped to mold his view that the word of God must be accompanied by social action. "How dare I go well fed to talk to hungry, unlearned people about the fact that they must be saved," he asks,

"and not roll up my sleeves?" During the 1960s, he served a seven-year stint as field secretary for Africa and the West Indies for the British Methodist Missionary Society, and presently he is director of the W.C.C.'s Commission on World Mission and Evangelism.

As a seminarian, Potter was struck by the Bible-based, neo-orthodox theology of Karl Barth, whose understanding of Christianity, he says, "forces us to take radical positions." Theologians Reinhold and Richard Niebuhr and Paul Tillich were other influences on his thought. Mainly, Potter says, "my theology is biblical, not systematic or dogmatic. I have faith in Christ who was born son of man while being Son of God, which makes that faith histor-



GENERAL SECRETARY-ELECT POTTER
Outdoing Irving Wallace.

ical." He is also broadly ecumenical: "Coming from a slave people in a poor, relatively unknown area of the world, I have a sense of belonging to all men beyond race and class."

While the election of Potter reflects the growing importance of Protestant Christianity in the Third World, it may also exacerbate some of the problems that Third World involvement has created for the council. During the past two years, the W.C.C. has been heavily criticized for its grants (\$265,000 to date) to black liberation movements in southern Africa. An outgrowth of a 1969 World Council consultation on racism chaired by Senator George McGovern, the grants were specifically earmarked for welfare purposes, but critics complained that they could as easily be used for guns. The issue is likely to remain a sore one if the W.C.C. expands rather than diminishes its involvement

in such liberation movements, as it may under Potter. Coupled with his heavy emphasis on the social responsibilities of Christian missions, Potter's policy could prevent the council from winning the support of the Gospel-first evangelicals who still remain outside it. *Christianity Today* Editor Harold Lindsell, for instance, thinks Potter "will produce further movement away from the historic mission of the Church."

Potter counters that the church must learn what Christianity demands. "No innovative change takes place by evolution," he argues. "There must be some radical breaks. A lot of our people, especially in affluent countries, face Christianity as a painless thing, a comfort. They don't see it as a goad, or understand that we have to accept pain on behalf of justice and peace."

Both Potter and the outgoing Eugene Carson Blake acknowledge that the W.C.C. has not always spoken out as strongly as it should have on important issues. Blake especially regrets that council officials did not protest sooner about the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia in 1968, though the W.C.C. has made repeated protests against the war in Viet Nam. Still, says Potter, the council tries to make its voice heard most where it has an audience—where there is still what he calls "a strong Christian influence," as in the U.S., South Africa and Rhodesia. "When we speak as Christians to Christians," Potter maintains, "we speak as strongly as we can."

Rome 3, Holland 0

The Vatican seems determined to use the Roman Catholic Church of The Netherlands as a test case to prove that the progressive wing of the church can be curbed. What is more, it seems to be winning. First there was the appointment of conservative Msgr. Adrianus Simonis to the see of Rotterdam. Then came the appointment of a stubborn reactionary, Johannes Gijzen, to the see of Roermond (*TIME*, July 24). Now the hierarchy of The Netherlands has been forced to cancel a national pastoral council meeting set for October.

The first pastoral council met several times from 1968 to 1970 to discuss the most pressing issues in the Dutch church. For the Vatican, at least, the council included far too many outspoken laymen and Dutch progressive priests. In January 1970, for instance, the council voted in favor of ending mandatory celibacy. This autumn's meeting was to be a "follow-up" with delegates split about fifty-fifty between hierarchal appointees and those of diocesan councils and other groups. But Rome clearly did not want a repeat of the earlier embarrassments, and wanted to allow no forum for criticism of its recent episcopal appointments. Bernard Jan Cardinal Alfrink sorrowfully took to television to announce the cancellation. His first word said all he felt: "Tragic."

ENVIRONMENT

Noah's Park

For the Lord thy God bringeth thee into a good land, a land of brooks of water, of fountains and depths that spring out of valleys and hills...

—Deuteronomy 8: 7

In biblical times, Israel was indeed a good land. It had thick forests in the north, rich farm lands near the Dead Sea, and oases that dotted the desert in the south. An astonishing variety of animals thrived in these regions; archaeologists have unearthed elephant bones in the Jordan Valley, and the prophets wrote knowingly of stealthy bears, the light-footed roe and the wild ass that "snuffed up the wind." But centuries of overgrazing and overcultivation depleted the land. During the reign of the Ottoman Empire, virtually all of Israel's trees were felled to provide fuel for Turkish locomotives. As a result of the depredations, the desert gradually advanced. Many of the original animals disappeared from the good land.

Choice. Now they are coming back, thanks to Israel's official conservation department, the Nature Reserves Authority, and its burly, indefatigable director Major General Avraham Yoffe, 58. "It fell to my generation to choose between protecting the last remnants of biblical animals or allowing them to perish irretrievably," he says. For a man who had once stopped a tank advance to observe a rare cream-colored courser in flight, the choice was easy.

The result is a sort of Noah's park. Located in

the Negev Desert, near the Jordanian border, the 8,000-acre Hai Bar reserve now contains about 100 species of biblical animals, many of them on the verge of extinction. To collect them, Yoffe undergoes almost biblical trials. Arab governments routinely refuse, for political reasons, to sanction the shipment of animals to Israel. Yoffe once got round this problem by paying Bedouin hunters in the Judean hills to catch him 15 Nubian ibexes, one by one. But he still yearns for a pair of wild Arabian oryxes (a kind of antelope), which can now be found mainly on the Arabian peninsula. His chief recourse is to turn to zoos that have the species he wants, and that quickly consumes the funds he can raise. Yoffe bought three addaxes for \$10,000 from a game preserve in New York's Catskills, for example, and three Saharan oryxes cost him \$2,500 a head.

Keeping the animals is no easy matter either. Not only can antelope bound over the reserve's fences, but predators like steppe wolves—themselves protected animals—find ways into the fenced areas and hunt down the animals. The worst experience came after the purchase from the Iranian government of several pairs of onagri. Ignorant of the wild ass's habits, officials at the reserve soon found that they had too many competitive males in the herd. Fights broke out. The winners tossed their rivals onto their backs and castrated them. Now, led by two surviving males, the herd numbers eleven of the species on which Jesus rode into Jerusalem.

Avraham Yoffe is undaunted by the problems. He plans another preserve of biblical animals on a hilly, wooded 5,000-acre tract in Galilee. He hopes to

stock it with Judean lions, Syrian bears, roe and fallow deer from Iran. Like Noah, he will do his best to ensure that the beasts go forth and multiply. "We wish to live amid life," he says.

New Views on Housing

The U.S. public housing program is in terrible shape. Almost anywhere a project starts, neighbors complain that unwanted poor people are being imposed on otherwise stable communities. The projects' own residents, admitted only if their income is below prescribed levels, argue that they are being segregated from the rest of society. Worst of all, inflation has so increased the cost of operating buildings that many housing officials are beginning to wonder if they can any longer meet their mandate to provide decent low-rent shelter.

To meet the most immediate needs, Massachusetts Senator Edward W. Brooke has introduced legislation to authorize \$335 million in operating subsidies for existing projects. But money is not the only answer for public housing troubles, as a provocative recent study indicates. Sponsored by the Department of Housing and Urban Development and the nonprofit Urban Institute, it was written by John P. Macey, retired director of housing for the Greater London Council. Though the British expert is frankly critical of U.S. programs, he is convinced that the problems can be solved.

Responsibility. One difficulty, Macey says, is too much bureaucracy. He notes that the U.S.'s 1,000,000 publicly owned housing units are administered by 2,500 local agencies, of which only about 300 own more than 400 units. "Many are managing stocks far too small for efficiency, or to justify their employing highly trained staffs," he says. He urges that local authorities be amalgamated to manage no fewer than 1,000 units each, as in Britain.

Macey also feels that the Federal Government is still too much involved in the design, building, management and use of each project. Washington's heavy hand thus makes each local government feel "it has little or no responsibility for the housing problems of its own citizens." In England, he says, the local agencies have virtually complete control and are much more responsive to local needs.

Macey's most startling recommendation is to abolish all rules governing how poor a family must be to occupy public housing. Instead, he says, rents should be pegged to the family's ability to pay. One result would be to provide the housing authority with higher rents as tenants' incomes rise; in Britain, most housing projects now pay their own way under this system. The arrangement also helps to ensure that each project contains a mixture of residents—young and old, white and black. Indeed, Macey says that such a "social mix" should be planned from the start.

YOFFE WITH GAZELLE



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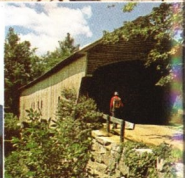
SAHARAN ORYX AT HAI BAR RESERVE



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